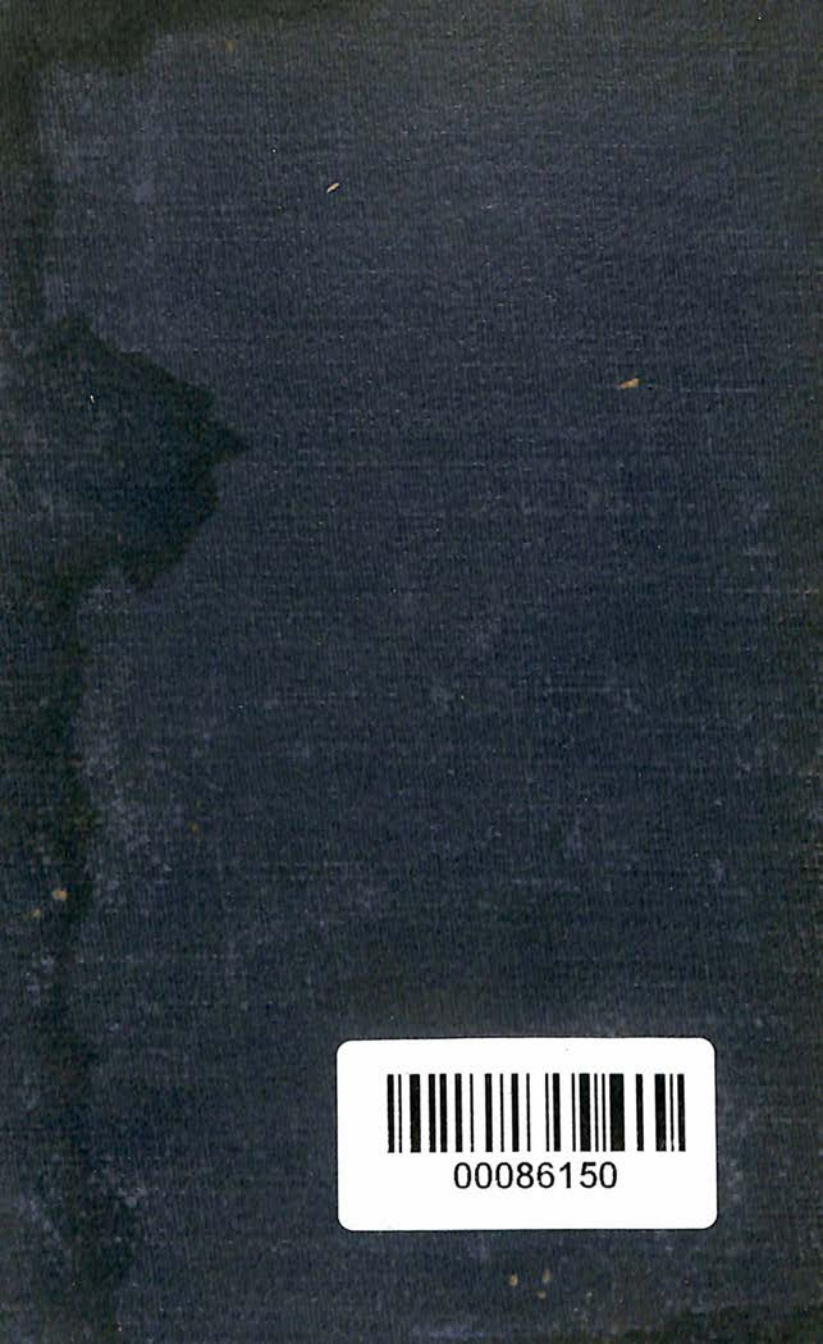
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A JOURNEY,

ACROSS

THE DESERT,

FROM

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CEYLON TO MARSEILLES:

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COMPRISING SKETCHES OF

ADEN, THE RED SEA, LOWER EGYPT,
MALTA, SICILY, AND ITALY.

BY

86150

MAJOR AND MRS. GEORGE DARBY GRIFFITH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

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JOURNEY,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

July 13th.—The day had now arrived for us to continue our journey, and I rejoiced at it, although ten days ago I thought it impossible to make up my mind to quit Cairo without having explored all the wonders in its vicinity. But such is the subduing effect of illness, that it converts even a palace into a prison; it takes from life not only its every-day interest, but that interest which is more rarely and more strongly excited.

Thus the thoughts of breathing the sea-

air, and getting nearer my journey's end, made me long to find myself at Alexandria, and quit Cairo without regret.

We had the same difficulty as at Suez about the exchange of money. The hotel-bill was made out in piastres, one hundred of which are equal to a sovereign; but they would only take them at ninety-nine, and English bank-notes at ninety-four in the pound; rupees at seven and a half piastres each. This was a great loss, and I think in some degree unfair, as we had always understood the board and lodging was ten shillings per diem for each person, exclusive of extras, wine, &c.; and, the bill being rendered in piastres, we paid considerably more.

I looked out of the window into the yard, and watched the camels loading to take down our baggage to the steam-boat. I never miss an opportunity of observing these interesting creatures, so docile, so graceful, and yet so stately in all their movements.

There were only two camels to carry all our boxes and a great many others. They were both fine, large, handsome animals.

When I looked out, one was crouched on the ground, and the other was standing gazing on, apparently with an eye of pity. The first remained very quiet while they were tying on the principal part of his load; but when they piled box upon box, long after he had got as much on his back as he could conveniently support, he began turning his long neck from side to side, uttering at the same time a gurgling sound approaching almost to a groan. He appeared as if imploring mercy of the pitiless men who were loading him beyond his strength; but it was in vain: they were not satisfied until they had heaped up a complete mountain, and then motioned the camel to rise. At first he made two or three vain attempts, but at length, with a great struggle and much assistance, raised himself on his knees, a second brought him on his hind legs, and he then rose altogether; but he could not be said to stand upright, for the load on his back evidently made his legs bend beneath him. He was now led off groaning, while the other was made to lie down in his place, after

some resistance on his part, for he seemed to be aware of the sufferings of his companion.

All being in readiness, I mounted my covered chair, which was hung the wrong way, to avoid meeting the wind; but the sun shone so in my eyes, I was soon obliged to have it changed.

In crossing the square we met the Governor of Cairo, in a little low phaeton, drawn by a pair of ponies: he was a venerable-looking old man, with a white beard.

The road from Cairo to Bulac, its port on the Nile, a distance of about two miles, is raised several feet above the surrounding country, annually overflown by the river. It was early morning when we traversed it, and it presented a very lively scene, being thronged with peasants and countrymen bringing fruit and vegetables to the city, on camels or donkeys, but more frequently on their own heads. We met several women, each with a huge watermelon on her head, and a smaller one in both hands. Crowds of people of both sexes

were employed in making cakes of camel-dung, and spreading them to bake in the sun; several acres on both sides the road were covered with it; it forms the principal article of fuel amongst the lower orders.

I believe the modern Egyptians are a most idle and indolent race, and if they were not compelled by some means they would almost neglect to sow the seed on the ground nature has so richly prepared for it. But then, again, it must be remembered that what they sow they do not reap, and they often find themselves starving in the midst of plenty. Neither they nor their families profit by their labour: the taxes are not only exorbitant, but their toil goes immediately to fill the coffers of a tyrannical government. Although it cannot be denied that Mohammed Ali is a great man, and one of the most prominent characters of the age, still he is essentially a tyrant, and carries on his government as tyrants usually do: he sends out his officers and compels his subjects to work for him, whether they will or not, giving them nominally the paltry

stipend of one piastre* per day, but which he often delays paying for a year or more. Such is the case just now.

An instance of the cruelty too often practised towards these poor creatures was forcibly brought before us this morning: near one side of the road we were passing we observed a number of peasants digging up the ground, and large stones with which it was intersected, in the form of a circle, probably to make a well; as the earth was thrown out, they carried it away in baskets on their heads. It appeared to be very hard work, yet men, women, and children, were employed indiscriminately. In the centre of the group stood three of the Pasha's overseers, armed with whips of rhinoceros hide; these they dealt right and left upon the poor unoffending creatures, as they returned with their empty baskets from depositing their loads. One woman in particular, who was in a state of suffering that might have even excused her from any labour, supplicated for mercy, and to our horror we saw

* Twopence-halfpenny.

the upheld lash descend upon her. I am told many of the poor people in the Pasha's employ die daily of starvation.

And yet Mohammed Ali has done many and great things for Egypt: he has increased its consequence as much as it is possible for a tributary power. He has elevated his mind above the prejudices of his sect, and has not only created great public works that will carry down his name honoured to posterity, but has strenuously exerted himself to promote education amongst his subjects.

The first thing that struck us, when about to enter Bulac, was a large handsome building on the hill: this, we were told, was the Pasha's school for teaching architecture, mechanics, surveying, and drawing. The latter art is against the Moos'lim creed, as they are expressly forbidden to make representations of any thing; but Mohammed Ali considers it so essentially important, that he has silenced his conscience upon that score, and is doing all he can to promote the study of it. These schools

were first built and established by Mr. Galloway, brother to the British merchant of that name in Alexandria. The Pasha has, in consequence, created him a Bey.

Bulac seems to be a very flourishing, industrious little town, and appears to be rather more modern than Cairo. There are several shops of pottery-ware, where the porous cooling chatties we had so much admired are sold by wholesale, and many grotesque and beautiful vases of the same material were exposed to view. I observed numbers of people employed in making baskets. Almost every other building is a coffee-house, where groups of Turks sat smoking their pipes at the door, and sipping their morning cup of coffee. The shore of the river was crowded with boats, either building or repairing.

As it was low Nile, we had to make a steep descent down the bank to reach the water. It was not till then that I observed "The Jack-o'-Lantern," dignified by the name of Hill and Co.'s steam-boat. I never beheld any thing so ridiculous: it was

merely one of the common boats that ply on the river, with a boiler and paddles added to it. The two funnels were hissing with steam, and I felt, on entering it, as if going into a caldron. It certainly must be the smallest steam-boat extant. However, when we entered the little cabin built upon the deck, and the still smaller one for two ladies beyond, we began to think better of the craft, as all seemed very nicely arranged, and we, with the exception of two Italians, were the only passengers—a great comfort. The Nile, too, being so low just now, we had less chance of running aground than in a larger boat, like those of the Oriental Company, or of the Pasha. The windows of the ladies' cabin were provided both with venetian blinds and glass.

Bulac has rather an imposing effect from the river: the Custom-house and two or three large public buildings (the former a very handsome pile) face this direction. The opposite bank is a large island, well planted with date-trees, and I discovered a country kiosk peeping from amidst the foliage. The

river seemed quite alive with many-formed and many-coloured boats sailing both up and down it; their picturesque sails, crossing each other, make them look at a little distance almost like butterflies skimming over the water.

At length the signal for starting was given: "Whiz, whiz," went the steam, and we found ourselves descending the river at a surprising pace. Some idea of the minuteness of our boat may be formed when I say that she only drew two feet and a half of water: she is jokingly described as of two-and-a-half Cairo-donkey-power. But we had no occasion to complain of her want of speed; on the contrary, we went almost too quickly to view all we wished of the banks of the river, in many places twenty feet above our heads. At high Nile, when these banks are on the point of overflowing, the descent of this interesting river must be delightful.

In about six miles we passed on the right, close under the walls of Shoobra palace and gardens. Beautiful trees were waving over them. Several rows of draw-wells followed

one after the other; these supply the magnificent water-works of this fairy spot. I cannot say how tantalised I felt at not having visited it: I had always intended to do so, but my illness cut short that and many of my other schemes. I have heard it described in the most enthusiastic terms of praise: labyrinths of bower-covered walks, flowers that grow as if in artificial bunches —so perfectly is every thing kept; and Greek gardeners, dressed in unison with the scene; fountains that are always flowing fresh from the Nile, murmuring in every shady recess; and an artificial lake, on which the luxurious Pasha is rowed by the ladies of his hharee'm.

We had a good view of the palace from the river: it is a large pile of white stone, but there is nothing very striking about it.

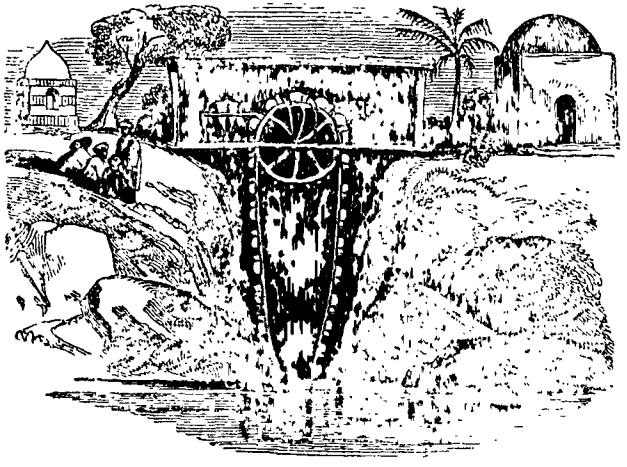
The Nile winds in the most extraordinary manner: we constantly saw, across a tongue of land, boats and sails close to us, that were in reality a mile further down the stream. The banks were generally of a dark brown clay, and we plainly distinguished the

different layers of soil deposited year after year by the fertilising stream.

Every now and then a picturesque draw-well came in view: we passed numbers of these during the day; and, as those on the banks of the Nile were the last we saw of the kind, I must endeavour to describe them. A deep chasm is cut in the high bank of the river; at the top a large wheel is fixed, and kept constantly turning by a couple of oxen. It is very thick, and furnished with a deep groove at the edge; upon this a strong cord is hung, descending with a loop into the water; several earthen pitchers are tied, about three inches apart, running round the whole length of the rope. Those at the bottom of the loop are, therefore, constantly in the river. As the wheel turns the end is drawn up, and with it the pitchers full of water; when they successively reach the top, the turn of the wheel makes them throw their contents into a reservoir prepared for the purpose; and they then descend on the other side empty, with their mouths downwards, ready to fill again

when they reach the river. Thus there are constant series of full and empty pitchers ascending and descending in succession. The water so raised is employed for the irrigation of the land, which is every where cut into little channels for conducting it all over the country.

Many of these draw-wells would have made beautiful pictures, they were so prettily situated, and were, in general, accompanied by groups of peasants and cattle. The sketch of the well, with two little mosques, was a very pretty scene, and a grove of trees in the back-ground heightened the effect.



I was very sorry that the river was so low, for its high banks prevented us seeing much of the fertile plain of the Delta, vaunted as the most fruitful spot on the globe. Every now and then, however, we saw large tracts covered with cotton, wheat, Indian corn, and door'ah. There were a great many other crops, but we could not always distinguish the nature of them. In several parts we saw grass growing, at least eight feet high.

Date-trees were in abundance; the stem is much thicker than that of any of the palm-tribe I have seen, and has an outer covering of rough bark. The leaves are in width between those of the cocoa-nut and areca-nut trees. The fruit hangs in large clusters; it was not ripe when I was in Egypt, but, when it is, the colour is bright red.

Water-melons are cultivated in every vacant spot of low land, often on the sandy banks of the river itself. It is singular to see them growing; many appeared to be three or four times the size of a man's head, and each bed was loaded with fruit.

During nearly the whole day we had occasional views of the mighty Pyramids. It seemed that, as long as they were above the horizon, no distance could shut them out; there they still stood, their angular lines cutting sharply against the sky, long after the surrounding mountains were fading into vapour.

We met numbers of craft going both up and down the river, in every variety of form, but all adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. Some were loaded with stone, others with timber and pottery-ware. Many appeared to be solely passenger-boats, of that kind essentially called "Nile boats," with high stern cabins covering half the deck. All hoisted the graceful latteen sail.

Every moment we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our choice of a conveyance, for we passed hundreds of vessels aground, and even we were often so for several minutes, but the power of steam and our light weight carried us through without stopping.

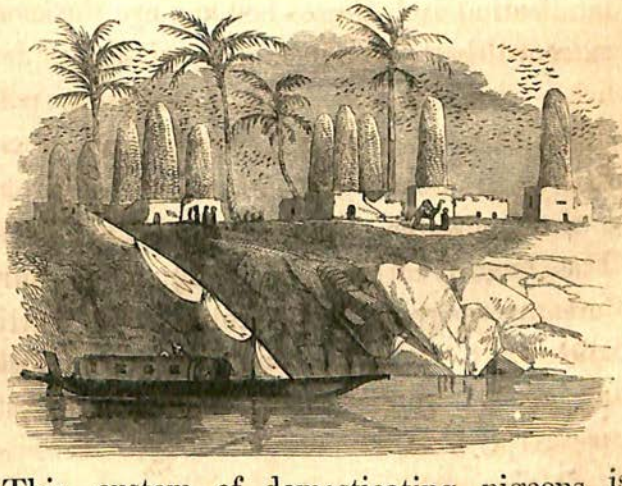
It was very ludicrous to watch the exer-

tions of the Egyptian boatmen to get their vessels afloat, straining every nerve to no purpose. Many jumped ashore, and endeavoured to tow them—no easy task for a couple of men, where the boat was laden with stone, and stuck firm in the mud.

But the most singular scenes that we witnessed were the Egyptian villages: numbers of these lie scattered on both banks of the river. They are generally built upon mounds of earth, either natural or artificial, to keep them above the water during the inundation of the Nile, when their only means of communication is by boats. They are the most extraordinary-looking habitations I ever beheld; huddled together as closely as possible, and built almost upon each other. Many of them are high cones, appearing, at a little distance, like so many bee-hives. They are all of unbaked clay, and the only entrance is by means of a small hole, which will admit but one person at a time, crawling on all fours. Every hamlet is interspersed with date-trees.

Many of these collections of huts might

be called, with equal truth, pigeon villages, as well as human habitations. Where this is the case, almost every hut is conical, and of much greater elevation. On the top of each several chatties are inserted in the clay, large enough to contain a pair of pigeons: the mouths of these are left uncovered, and here they rear their young: the peasants occupying the lower part of the building. Many of these villages appeared quite swarming with their feathered inhabitants; and they looked, at a little distance, exactly like bees humming round their hives.



This custom of domesticating pigeons is

common throughout Egypt; even the venerable antiquities of Thebes contribute to provide nests for them. I believe some of the species are esteemed sacred. Whenever we came to these hamlets, we were sure to see groups of the inhabitants lying or sitting under the neighbouring trees, apparently in listless idleness. The certainty that they can call nothing their own must, in fact, paralyse all industry and exertion.

We passed numerous herds of extremely fine buffaloes, twice the size of those in Ceylon, and very handsome, with splendid horns and large-boned legs. Several were bathing and rolling about in the river, which they seemed to enjoy exceedingly. We often saw them half-way across, with their noses and horns alone visible above the water. It was curious to watch these huge creatures climbing up and down the almost perpendicular banks; I constantly expected to see one roll over, but they felt their way before them in the most careful possible manner, without making a single false step.

Every now and then we observed groups of magnificent Egyptian cattle led down to water. They are larger and finer than even our best English breed; their colour is usually red. But the most singular thing of all was a flock of sheep we overtook, drinking from a low bank of sand. They seemed very thirsty, and were so intent on satisfying themselves that they did not observe the steamer until we came close, and then their fright was extreme; they tumbled over each other, vainly endeavouring to climb the bank, which almost precipitated them into the water.

As evening approached, all the boats we passed were moored to the side of the river for the night,—generally close to a village.

I had observed several small cockroaches peeping their heads from under the cushions during the day, and I consequently trembled as the evening drew near. My fears were not without foundation: for when G. made my bed upon one of the benches, we found a swarm of them. He destroyed as many as

he could, but I felt them creeping over me the whole night.

July 14th.—By day-break this morning we were at Fouah, where we were to leave the steamer, and embark on the Mahoudiah Canal for Alexandria. As soon as we had anchored, Carlos came to the cabin-door to say that the track-boat was ready. I hurried on my clothes as quickly as possible, but felt very cold and shivery from the heavy dew that had fallen during the night; and which, although the glass windows were closed, had penetrated into the cabin, and made all our things quite wet.

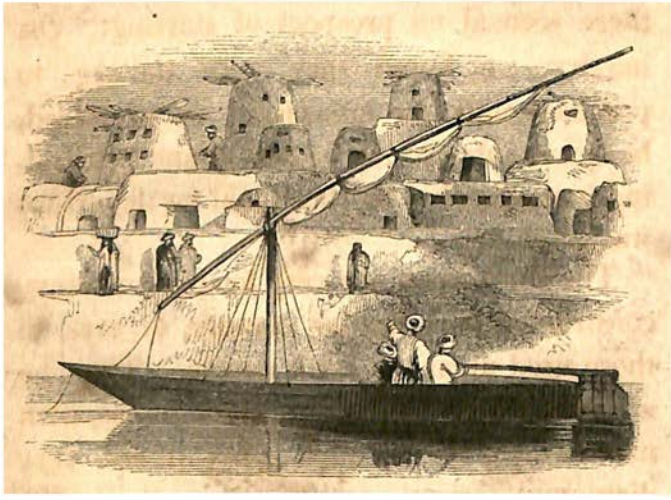
We were soon landed on the high mound of earth that separates the canal from the river; here we took a last look at the Nile, rolling onwards to Rosetta. I felt quite sorry to leave it, although while on it I was too ill to enjoy myself. There are several modern buildings on each bank, and probably this will soon become a more considerable place, as marking the terminus of Mohammed Ali's noble undertaking. The embankment between the canal and the

river is about forty feet wide. The former is entirely fed by the Nile, the water being let in through sluices. It was lower than usual, as a portion has been lately cleaned out, and much water wasted, which cannot be replaced until high Nile. Crowds of boats of all sizes and descriptions were at anchor, giving a flourishing appearance to the place.

The old native village of Atfé rises on a high bank on each side of the canal; it is similar to, though much larger than, any of those I have described on the banks of the Nile. I was glad of an opportunity of examining nearer and more leisurely one of these curious settlements. The huts are built very closely together, tier above tier, there being scarcely room enough for one person to pass between them.

It had an extraordinary effect to see the women threading the narrow lanes, as they were all taller than the cones that constituted the roofs of their dwellings. I observed many of them open the tops, and look in as if it were an oven. Several girls

returning from the Nile with pitchers of water on their heads, walked, on their way to their own habitations, over the roofs of their neighbours' houses, as if they had been so many ant-hills, so little did they seem to impede their progress. I am sure the white ant-hills in Ceylon would have presented far more serious obstacles.



All the children (and some past the age of what are usually styled *little* children) were running about entirely devoid of clothing. We observed a great deal of this in Egypt: men are often seen in the same

condition; and the women of the lower orders, having concealed their heads and faces, appear to think they have done all that is necessary. This is a great contrast with the comparatively barbarous Cingalese, who never even bathe without some kind of covering.

Our baggage and ourselves had been a long time arranged in the boat, but still there seemed no prospect of starting. On inquiry, we found they were waiting to purchase milk for breakfast; we preferred, however, substituting egg-whip and proceeding immediately. So the signal for departure was given.

The track-boats are very long and narrow, constructed in a similar manner, G. says, to those used upon the Irish canals. The one we were in was divided into three rooms, with narrow benches on each side; it was very dirty, and swarming with cockroaches. We were towed by three horses, a man riding upon each. These men accompanied us the whole way to Alexandria, but we changed horses eight times. Our progress was very tedious, owing to the number of boats, draw-wells,

and bridges that came in our way,—at every one of these obstructions the postilion on the last horse was obliged to dismount, to unfasten the tow-rope, causing great delay.

The banks of the canal are very high, and entirely intercept all view of the surrounding country; there is a narrow track half-way up, on each side, that would barely admit of two horses abreast. An astonishing number of large boats are constantly sailing up and down; and one is struck every moment with the utility as well as the magnificence of this great work, commenced and executed in the short space of six weeks, by 250,000 men, who worked night and day until its completion. It is, upon an average, 90 feet wide, and forty-eight miles in length. The celerity of its creation would appear incredible in any country where labour is not forced. But whatever might be the means employed by Mohammed Ali in this great undertaking, the Mahoudiah Canal will carry down his name with honour and gratitude to succeeding generations.

About half-way on the right-hand side

we passed several large encampments of soldiers. The tents were pitched in small separate divisions, and we observed a horse picketed with each. Every tent was piled round with loose bricks and stones. They were in regular lines, and great order appeared to prevail within the camp, although there were very few officers. The subordination of the troops is wonderful, considering they are two years in arrear of pay.

I observed several erections, having the appearance of Martello towers. The draw-wells on the canal are different from those of the Nile. They are worked by oxen in the same way, but the wheels are upon a level with the stream; these are hollow, and in turning become filled with water, which they empty as they revolve, by means of a cavity, into a trough, that conveys it to the adjacent fields.

We remarked, also, another very original method of irrigating the land. The bank was cut into three steep steps; on two of these a small pool or cistern was formed,

while the upper one constituted the end of the irrigating channel. On either side of each step stood a couple of men, holding a cord, with a round basket hanging from it. At a signal given, the two men nearest the canal simultaneously swung the cord, which filled the basket with water, while a sudden jerk in the contrary direction emptied it into the cistern. This movement was continued backwards and forwards so quickly, that one almost lost sight of the cord and basket. As soon as the first cistern contained sufficient water, the next set of men began to put *their* basket in motion, in order to fill the one above; and this was afterwards, in its turn, raised by the upper men to supply the irrigating stream. It had altogether a very singular and pretty effect.

I found one of our Italian fellow-passengers, with whom I had entered into conversation yesterday, spoke French very well. He told me he had resided in Egypt twenty-five years, and gave me some very interesting details relative to the country.

Amongst other things, I spoke of the oppression of the government and the tyranny of the Pasha. He assented, but said it would be next to impossible to govern without it, as the people are so idle, so treacherous, and so deceitful. Their wants are few, a daily portion of door'ah bread and a few onions being all they care for; and, unless compelled to work, their fruitful land would remain barren, as they prefer revelling in listless idleness to taking the trouble of even scattering the seed upon a soil that never requires the plough. Besides, he remarked, they are not really so poor as they appear; the only use they make of money is to hoard and hide it, often dying without imparting the secret of their treasure to their children.

"I was once," continued the Italian, "witness to a curious scene, strongly indicative of this feeling. I accompanied the tax-gatherer through a poor-looking village, where he was collecting the rates. We entered a hut more wretched, if possible, than the generality of them. The officer ad-

dressed himself to the owner, and demanded the dues. The man, falling on his knees, protested that he and his family were starving, and without a single 'fud'dah' to buy a bit of bread; how then could he pay the tax? He implored in the most piteous manner to be forgiven. The officer, however, was inexorable, and, calling in some men hired for the purpose, told them to give the poor wretch a certain number of stripes. His orders were obeyed, but the peasant, although writhing with pain, still persisted he was penniless. The beating continued, and at the end of two days things were in the same state. I then interfered," continued the Italian, "and implored mercy for the poor sufferer; but the overseer said it would not do, he was sure the money would be paid in course of time. And so it was; for after six days' persecution, when he could bear the lash no longer, the man dug a hole in the floor of the hut, where to my surprise he had secreted gold and silver coin to a large amount. I could relate many similar instances; and, were it not for the system of

compulsion, Mohammed Ali would be unable to raise a single tax. As it is, after he has paid the large annual tribute to the Turkish emperor his coffers are so low, that he frequently has not the money to pay his troops. But those that can wait are sure to be paid in the end."

We were detained nearly an hour by a very untoward accident; the postilion on the last horse having dismounted, just as they were going over a bridge, the animal being blind, fell through a hole into a deep pit several feet below. After endeavouring for a long time to haul him up with ropes, they at length got him out through the canal, and, strange to say, uninjured.

Our next stoppage was rather a singular one. We were passing a herd of buffaloes, bathing and wallowing in the water, when the tow-rope became entangled in the horns of one of them, the only part above water. The poor animal, as soon as he found himself drawn forcibly forward by the horns, began to kick and plunge violently, and his

rage became so great, that it was with considerable difficulty he was released.

In approaching Alexandria we passed several large new-built houses, quite in the European style, and soon after the canal became bounded on each side by a wall.

We landed under some large acacia-trees, where, my chair having been harnessed to a couple of donkeys, we proceeded to the town, a distance of two miles. The animals were quite a different class from our friends the Cairo donkeys, being sullen and sulky, like those of Europe.

Our road lay through a desert tract, enlivened every now and then by dwarf vineyards, hedged in by the common bamboo.

At length a turn in the road brought us in view of the blue Mediterranean, and, though I had never been on its shores before, I felt comparatively at home. Between us rose Dioclesian's, or Pompey's, stately Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle. High sand-banks interrupted all farther view of the successor to the capital of the Ptolemies. We soon after entered the gates of Alexandria,

traversed a long dusty road, crossed the Great Square, and arrived at the English hotel. We found the accommodation very bad, as the best rooms were already taken. A fellow-passenger, who was living in the French hôtel opposite, kindly offered us his apartments there, which we gladly accepted; the sitting-room was a very gay little apartment, looking into the square.

CHAPTER II.

Grand Square, Alexandria—Scenes in the Streets—Dress of the Women—Camels as Beasts of Burden—Procession of the French Consul—Military Band—Egyptian Troops—Pasha's Led Horses—"Arabian Nights"—Anecdote of an Egyptian Officer—Mohammed Ali Pasha—His Younger Son—Ibrahim Pasha—Saïd Pasha—The Pasha's Drive—Young Bey Riding—My First Drive in Alexandria—Bazar of the Fell'ahhs—Quay—Pasha's Palace—The Pope's Present—Pharos—Roman Town—Egyptian Fleet—Revolt of the Sailors—Harbour—Pompey's Pillar—Site of Ancient Alexandria—Interesting View—Lake Mareotis—Cutting the Embankment—Ruined City—The Pasha's Hhare'em—Excavations—Cleopatra's Needle—Thebes—British Consul's House—Church—English Steamer—Second Drive—Plague-Funeral—The Plague in Alexandria—Quarantine Laws—Mahoudiah Canal—Bombay Steamer—Caparisoned Donkeys—Groups of Figures—Gazelles—Our Departure—Tagus Steamer—Harbour—Pasha's Palace—Alexandria from Sea—Rocks—Windmills—Catacombs—At Sea—Passenger—Ladies' Cabin.

CHAPTER II.

July 15th.—I was too ill to leave my room all day, but, as the windows looked into the Great Square, I found abundant amusement in watching the motley multitude, gathered from all nations of the globe, that were constantly passing and repassing before me.

Modern Alexandria, especially that quarter of it which I am now speaking of, offers nothing to remind one either of the city which ranked as second in the ancient world, or of a modern Mohammedan capital. The houses, and all the buildings surrounding the Great Square, including the palaces of the various consuls, have been built within the last ten years, under the direction of Ibrahim Pasha, the heir to the Egyptian

throne, to whom they belong, and who lets them out to their present occupiers, principally European merchants. The area is in the shape of a long parallelogram, with a handsome fountain in the centre in the form of an obelisk. The houses are built as regularly as those in Park Crescent, and are two stories high above the *porte cochère*: they all have French windows, provided with green venetian shutters. The whole appearance is so completely European, that one might almost imagine one's self in a fashionable watering-place in England or France.

Carriages of every description, filled with smartly dressed ladies, are to be seen driving about at all hours, a sight never witnessed at Cairo, where there are no streets wide enough to admit a carriage. The few Europeans who reside in the latter city mostly wear the Turkish costume; but here, tail-coats and round hats are seen as frequently as the flowing ckoopta'n and scarlet fez. Jews, Turks, Armenians, the fair-haired inhabitants of the Ionian Isles, Circassians, Arabs, with here and there an Abyssinian

or a Nubian slave, are mixed heterogêneously with English, French, Germans, Russians, and Italians. At one moment passes a stately Turk, mounted on his richly caparisoned charger; in another, half-a-dozen British tars, just escaped from the ship, whose name is attached to their low-crowned hats, rush by him with a shout, urging their donkeys to increased speed. Then a sheree'f, in his dress of holy green, is accosted by a Christian friar, in his cowled gown of brown surge, with his rosary by his side.

The few Egyptian ladies who ventured to pass through this scene of European innovation hurry on at a quicker pace, and draw their veils more securely down, as they encounter the gaze of so many unbelievers. I have observed that the women of the middle class at Alexandria wear, instead of the plaid hhab'-arah used in Cairo, one of a coarse white woollen material, almost like flannel, and a white instead of a black face-veil: this has altogether a very singular appearance.

The camels are much smaller than those

in the interior, and appear quite of an inferior breed: they are used only as beasts of burden. Just now Mohammed Ali is carrying on some building and improvements near the harbour, and an immense number of these patient animals have been put in requisition. I see hundreds of them, tied to each other, passing by, in long strings, every hour: it is quite heart-rending to see how ill they are treated. They look, in most instances, half starved, with their bones coming through their skin: they are always cruelly overloaded, sometimes with huge stones, tied together in a net on either side; at others, with long planks and trunks of small trees, projecting so far before and behind, that the poor animals look as if they were almost overbalanced. Yet they toil on without resistance, although their slender legs appear to bend under the load on their backs, and every now and then, uttering a moaning sound, as if to reproach their taskmasters. Sometimes they lie down, from sheer exhaustion, and refuse to rise.

July 16*th.*—Early this morning the air

resounded with martial music, upon the occasion of a guard of honour, attended by a band, proceeding to the house of the new French Consul General, who had just landed at Alexandria, and was going in state to pay his first visit to the vice-regal court. We saw the procession as it passed before our windows. First, came a number of officers of state, dressed in embroidered jackets of black cashmere, with full trousers of the same material, terminated by ornamented leggings or gaiters, and red morocco shoes. They wore on their heads the usual red fez of the country, with a long purple silk tassel hanging from the crown. Each of these functionaries displayed an ornamented scymeter, without which no Turkish gentleman's dress is considered complete. Next followed the band, composed entirely of brass instruments, apparently of European manufacture. They performed several marches and other pieces of music exceedingly well; but it seemed almost incongruous to hear the notes of harmony and martial excitement produced by the breath

of these grave Mussulmen. None but the master mind of Mohammed Ali could have achieved such a conquest over their religious scruples and lethargic temperament, which have hitherto placed an apparently insurmountable barrier between them and knowledge, and kept the Turks and Egyptians so much in arrear of civilisation.

Immediately after the band followed a large body of infantry, in heavy marching order, with their knapsacks on their backs, and their officers with drawn swords. They marched in three divisions. Every one is surprised at the good order and discipline of the Egyptian army. I am not a competent judge of this, but I must say I think their appearance any thing but imposing, and their dress I should imagine very inconvenient for soldiers. Their summer costume, the only one I have seen, consists of a white cotton jacket, and full trousers of the same material, the legs of these being only divided below the knee have very much the appearance of petticoats, tucked up out of the way; white leggings and red shoes com-

plete this part of their costume. Their heads are covered with red cloth skull-caps; the cross-belts, cartouche-boxes, and firelocks are carried the same as by European troops. The dress of the officers only differs in being of very dark green cloth.

After the guard of honour came the prettiest part of the procession, consisting of about eighteen of the Pasha's led horses. All of these beautiful little Arab steeds were caparisoned in the most costly style; their saddles and saddle-cloths, which nearly covered them, were composed of crimson and black velvet and cloth of gold. They were all nearly equally handsome, but two that I particularly admired, and were surpassingly magnificent, I will attempt to describe. The first was a chestnut horse, of perfect form and action; the saddle was of crimson velvet, thickly ribbed by gold embroidery; the saddle-cloth was entirely of cloth of gold, embossed with bullion, and studded with large gems, sparkling in the sun and reflecting rays of the ruby, emerald, and sapphire. Jewelled pistols were stuck

into the holsters; the headpiece was variegated red, green, and blue, and embroidered to match, and golden tassels hung from every part.

The other was a lovely grey charger, of surpassing beauty; he was caparisoned, if possible, even more splendidly than the first. The saddle he carried was of black velvet, contrasting beautifully with the colour of his silken coat; it was likewise embroidered in gold, and the saddle-cloth was almost too dazzling to look at. The pretty creatures pranced about as if proud to shew themselves off to the best advantage. The trappings of all terminated in two gold tassels, reaching nearly to the ground, giving a most graceful finish to the whole turn out.

The French Consul now followed in a barouche and pair; a numerous train of carriages succeeded, with his *attachés* and attendants, but all of a mean description. The gentlemen were dressed in the costume of the French court.

In a couple of hours the procession returned, in the same order in which it went.

The whole was a gorgeous sight, and reminded me of the enchanted tales in the "Arabian Nights," which took place under the same eternal sunshine and cloudless skies. But here the likeness ceases; unlike Cairo, modern Alexandria, with its straight rows of white houses, cannot make one dream of the city of the Caliphs, the poetic Bagdad, the mere name of which conjures up so many vivid tales of magic and magnificence.

I cannot forbear to note down here a little trait so truly characteristic of the manners of the newly made officers of the Pasha's infant army, which I observed when the troops passed this morning. A subaltern, who appeared particularly conscious of his own importance, and held his drawn sword with a sort of bravo air, as if he was on the defensive, suddenly turned it, and at the same time raised his unoccupied hand to his face, and used it, I am shocked to say, as a substitute for a pocket-handkerchief, that article, I suppose, not being included in his smart uniform.

July 17*th*. — Mohammed Ali passes

through the Square every day, on his way to a small kiosk and garden he has on the banks of the canal, where he spends a few hours of relaxation and enjoys his favourite amusement of smoking. I had a very good view of him to-day, as he was driving slowly by in a low berlin, drawn by four horses. The carriage was lined with crimson silk, and there, squatting upon one of the broad, low seats, sat the Viceroy of Egypt, certainly the most extraordinary character of the day, and one who, in after ages, will take his rank amongst the highest geniuses of our era, fertile as it has been with prodigies. By his side sat his youngest son, a beautiful little fair-haired boy, of about eight or ten years old. He is a great pet of the Pasha's, as might easily be seen by the familiar way with which the little fellow was playing with the dagger that was stuck in his father's girdle, and by the various antics he was performing in the carriage with impunity. Sometimes I have seen the boy riding by the side of the carriage, which then always proceeds at a foot-pace,

mounted on a large horse, too wide almost for his little legs, and an attendant walking on each side of him, while Mohammed Ali is constantly to be seen looking out of the window with evident delight. On the opposite seat of the carriage usually sat two of the officers in waiting.

The countenance of the Pasha appeared to me one of the most benign and dignified I had ever beheld, nor could I trace in his expression any of those dark shades of barbarism and untamed passions which have clouded his otherwise glorious and enlightened reign. His eye is very commanding and intelligent; his forehead lofty and open, and his nose aquiline. He wears his beard very long and thick, and it is as white as snow. He is rather below the middle size, and somewhat full in figure.

Mohammed Ali certainly looks much younger than he is, for I have been assured by his own physician, with whom I have since become acquainted, that he is not much less than ninety years old. But he is in full health and vigour; all his senses are

unimpaired, and he does not possess any of the infirmities of age. His dress is usually the simple military costume of the country, and he wears on his head the universal red fez. It is to be hoped that he will outlive his son and presumptive successor Ibrahim, who is already a grey-headed old man, and, judging by what he has hitherto shewn of his character, is blood-thirsty, bigoted, and not likely to carry on the good work of reform and civilisation so ably commenced by his father.

Saïd Pasha, Mohammed Ali's son by another wife, is, on the contrary, exceedingly amiable, talented, and well educated; he speaks both English and French fluently. He came down the Nile from Cairo to Alexandria in a steamer with our fellow-passengers, and entered into conversation with so much ease and intelligence, that they were quite delighted with him. Every one agrees that he is the successor of the talents of his father, and that it would be better for Egypt were he also to succeed to his dominions.

The approach of the Pasha is always known by a number of attendants on horseback, who ride furiously on in front, not so much to clear the way, as to make a display of their horses and horsemanship. Immediately behind the royal carriage rides his express, mounted upon a fleet dromedary, in readiness to start with despatches to the remotest part of his dominions; afterwards follows his pipe-bearer, carrying two or three magnificent shib'ooks; then comes a servant mounted on a mule, with a pile of rich carpets and a small brazier, as his highness always brings with him the light with which to ignite his pipes. Some little distance in the rear follow the gentlemen and officers in waiting, all mounted on beautiful and richly caparisoned horses.

July 18*th*.—We were delighted to-day by the sight of young Houssein Bey, one of the Pasha's sons, and next brother to the little fellow I saw yesterday. He rode through the square, mounted on a powerful grey horse, managing it in the most surprising manner. He is not more than eleven years

old, and small of his age, but very handsome, and the most spirited and courageous boy I ever saw. He had previously ridden past (accompanied by his suite) at a hand-gallop; he sat with so much ease, and appeared to have such a perfect command of his horse, as to attract our admiration.

But as he returned from his ride, anxious, I suppose, to shew himself off to the best advantage to the numerous strangers who were looking at him, he suddenly turned his horse's head, at the same time spurring and giving him the reins, and in an instant he was galloping like lightning away from his attendants, who stopped their horses, and stood motionless, evidently very much alarmed. As soon as he had ridden at the top of his speed as far as the fountain, he suddenly reined in, and then shot off again, forming circles and squares, turning and twisting his powerful horse as if it were a mere toy, although his little arms and legs looked scarcely big and strong enough to manage a moderately sized pony. The mettle of the animal was now completely raised, and he began curvetting and prancing about

in a fearful manner, but our little hero appeared all the better pleased, and exhibited his skill to perfection. When he thought he had shewn off sufficiently, he turned round and darted away towards the palace at a furious pace. He was dressed in a green jacket, full white trousers, and fez, and wore a little sword girded round his waist. His saddle and saddle-cloth were of black velvet, embroidered with gold.

July 19*th.*—I was rather better this morning, and I took my first drive in Alexandria. We had a very nice open barouche, hired at the hotel, for seven francs the drive.

We drove first towards the quay, by an unfinished sandy road, which appeared as if only lately reclaimed from the surrounding desert. In our way we passed the market appropriated to the fell'ahhs; all connected with it, whether buyers or sellers, appeared in the most abject and impoverished condition. The principal articles exposed for sale were door'ah cakes and rush baskets of sour curd, much eaten by all classes in Egypt.

When we reached the quay, all was bustle and confusion; people hurrying in every direction, and camels heavily laden with merchandize from every quarter of the globe. There are some very handsome buildings in this quarter; the most striking amongst them are the Pasha's palace and the Custom House. I was not well enough to go over the former, but I am informed it is fitted up in the European style, and very handsomely furnished. A friend who saw it, told me the objects most worthy of notice were the royal pipe-room, filled with sumptuous specimens of jewelled shib'ooks and hookahs, and a magnificent table, lately sent by the

Pope as a present to the conqueror and defender of the Moos'lim prophet's tomb —rather singular personages to exchange pledges of friendship. The table represents in mosaic all the ruins of ancient Rome, and is considered a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind.

The site of the ancient Pharos of historic renown was pointed out to me, and near it a beautiful old Roman tower. The harbour is very large and commodious, and at this moment contains the whole of the Egyptian fleet, presenting quite a forest of masts. Certainly Mohammed Ali must be a wonderful man, to have undauntedly persevered amongst so many difficulties. His fleet has an imposing appearance, and the ships, at least to a superficial view, seem well constructed; but it is said they were put together too hastily to ensure their soundness. Saïd Pasha has lately been appointed high admiral of Egypt.

I am told the navy are in as much arrear of pay as the army, and one day, when the viceroy was driving along the quay, several hundreds of the sailors rushed forward,

demanding loudly money or bread. Mohammed, not the least intimidated, although they had clamorously stopped his carriage and held his horses' heads, rose, and waving his hand, ordered his officers to seize the ringleaders and punish them. Whether the mob thought he had promised them redress, or whether they were really overawed, is not known, but the whole of them immediately returned to their duty.

Besides the Pasha's vessels and steamboats, numbers of ships from every country were displaying their colours, adding much to the gaiety of the scene; amongst these the Union Jack was very numerous, and the fine British man-of-war steamer Cyclops was one of the most conspicuous vessels.

After pausing to gaze at this pretty scene, we continued our drive, and proceeded, first to the beautiful column known still by the name of Pompey's Pillar, although, from an inscription latterly discovered, it has been distinctly proved that its last dedication was in honour of the Emperor Dioclesian, by a prefect, or governor of Alexandria, who

bore the name of Pompeius, and not to the memory of Pompey the Great, as was so long and erroneously supposed. This magnificent vestige of antiquity stands without the walls of modern Alexandria, and upon the borders of the great Libyan desert. The ground around it, now used as a burial-place, consists of loose sand, raised into numerous and variously shaped eminences, supposed to derive their form from the ruins of the city of the Ptolemies, which are imagined still to exist beneath. The extent of an amphitheatre and a large square can be distinctly traced, and the ground immediately surrounding the pillar gives a hollow sound and has a tremulous motion when trod upon, attributed to subterranean buildings. Comparatively few excavations have been made in this interesting neighbourhood, which might afford such an abundant field for the learned, and so rich a harvest for the antiquary. The complete disappearance of this far-famed city may be attributed to the effects of an earthquake, that swallowed up 50,000 of its inhabitants and threw down

the loftiest of its buildings; and the constant drifting of the sand has completed the work of annihilation.

The column itself, standing alone and unshaken, as a funeral monument to the city it formerly adorned, is the most beautiful thing of its kind I ever beheld; no pictures that I have seen do it justice in any degree. When approaching it from a little distance, it gives the idea of being almost of modern date, it looks so perfect and cuts so clear against the sky; but on nearing it a few slight cracks are perceptible, and the edges of the pedestal, worn round with age, give it the stamp and charm of antiquity. The shaft is one solid block of Egyptian granite, or, as some suppose, porphyry. It is about ninety feet high, and nine in diameter, remarkably well cut, and very little injured by the effects of time. This is the part so justly admired, for the base and pedestal are inferior, and evidently do not match.

It is quite distressing to see the great black letters which cover its beautiful polished

surface, traced by barbarous adventurers to commemorate their several feats of attaining the top of the column, thus defacing the fair face of this architectural gem of bygone glory.

The capital, which is Corinthian, adds ten feet more to the height, in addition to the pedestal of twelve feet, making it in all 112 feet from the ground. It is a singular circumstance, that the block on which the pedestal rests is inscribed on the four sides with hieroglyphs, and these figures and characters being inverted, shew that it has been turned upside down, an incontestable proof that the stone must have belonged to some more ancient edifice, which, in all probability, was in ruins before the pillar was erected in its present situation.

One side of the pedestal has been shamefully mutilated, by an attempt made some time ago by an Arab to blow it up, in order to find the treasure he supposed to be concealed beneath it.

The view from the high ground upon which the pillar stands embraces the town

and harbours of Alexandria, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and the Bay of Aboukir, rife with all its associations of bloodshed and glory, the grave of the gallant Abercromby, and of hundreds of British heroes; as also the scene of Nelson's triumph.

To the left is the Lake Mareotis, of ancient name, and rendered famous in our days by the British, who, in the year 1800, cut the embankments of the canal of Alexandria, and thus admitted the waters of the sea into the lake, overflowing in a few hours the pride of Egypt and the work of ages: an immense body of water continued to flow with considerable violence for the space of a month. "It is worthy of notice, at the same time, that it (cutting the dyke) was suggested by the French; for in the pocket of General Roez, who was killed in the action of the 21st, there was found a letter written by Menou expressing an apprehension that the British would cut the embankment." "From that moment," says Sir Robert Wilson, "it had become the favourite

object of the army, as, by securing the left and part of its front, the duty would be diminished, the French cut off from the interior, and a new scene of operations opened."*

On the right, and as far as the eye can reach, stretches an undulating extent of sandy desert; and in the immediate neighbourhood are numerous tombs, each with aloes planted between the stones.

Having satisfied ourselves for to-day with Pompey's Pillar, we repaired to the carriage, as the wind was blowing very cold and sharp, notwithstanding the heat of the sun. We drove round outside the walls. In every direction might be traced the remains of the ancient city, scattered amongst heaps of sand. Piles of brick and mortar, with here and there a broken shaft or mutilated capital, attest its bygone extent and splendour.

In the course of the drive we passed a

* View of Ancient and Modern Egypt, by the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D.

train of five or six carriages and pair, occupied by the ladies of the Pasha's hharee'm. I do not think their drive could have done them much good, for, notwithstanding they were in close carriages, the blinds were drawn carefully down, and must have excluded every breath of air. I saw one or two pair of bright eyes peeping from behind these, but the faces of all were veiled; the pretty little boy I mentioned yesterday was riding by their side. One of the party was an elderly lady, a favourite wife of Mohammed Ali, and the only one of his numerous hharee'm who enjoys any of his society: she is represented as superior to the generality of Egyptian women, possessing the accomplishments of reading and writing, besides being a tolerable linguist. The viceroy spends an hour or two in her company every day, while she reads aloud to him in French or Turkish.

We re-entered the town by a different gate: in its vicinity are gigantic remains of the ancient walls and fortifications; immense fosses, partly filled up with sand and rub-

bish, and enormous vaults constructed as reservoirs of water, which are replenished by every inundation of the river. Near this we saw the ruins of a Roman tower.

The road we followed after entering the gate was a very singular and interesting one: it appears to have formed one of the principal streets of the ancient town. On both sides were fragments of stately marble columns, lying unregarded and neglected; they are supposed to be the remains of a magnificent colonnade, extending between the gates of the Sun and Moon, and considered one of the greatest ornaments of the city.

The ground in every direction, except here and there where it had been reclaimed for a small garden of the prickly pear, presented a chaos of mounds of sand and brick. Whenever an excavation is made, a ruined pillar, a broken arch, or other vestige of some costly building that formerly occupied the site, but whose name and date are entirely lost, is almost sure to be found. When we passed, numbers of labourers were digging and carrying away the stones in

various parts. I particularly remarked and admired two magnificent marble shafts and capitals, broken in half.

We next visited Cleopatra's Needle, the second antiquity of Alexandria that bears a name, and is equally celebrated with Pompey's Pillar. This beautiful obelisk is supposed to have been brought from Thebes, with its fellow now lying prostrate by its side, to adorn the entrance of the palace of the Ptolemies. They are composed of granite, and covered with hieroglyphics.

It is singular that the more ancient capital, which was robbed to adorn its rival, should now stand erect, and attesting its own splendour, while its successor is levelled and all but buried in oblivion, excepting from the almost imperishable monuments it had stolen from its elder sister. Yet such is the case: Thebes still exists, while the Grecian city is annihilated. I know not why the obelisk has acquired the name of Cleopatra's Needle, excepting that every nameless ruin bears that of the beautiful Queen of Egypt: for instance, Cleopatra's

baths alone are pointed out in various and opposite parts of the town.

We drove home by the private residence of the British consul, a large and commodious house, having a garden at the back, and a small chapel attached, where the English service is performed every Sunday. It is said that Mohammed Ali has granted a piece of ground, and given permission for the erection of a church — a great proof of his tolerance and liberality. Few Moos'lims would have done the same.

The union-jack, displayed from the flag-staff on the consul's official house in the square, has just announced the arrival of the English steamer with the Indian mails. Although the telegraph has not given notice that the Bombay packet has reached Suez, all the passengers are hurrying off *in* order to be in time. It must be quite dreadful to rush through such an interesting country as Egypt without carrying away any reminiscences of it; but since the establishment of the overland route this has been the case with hundreds, who gallop through it with

as little interest as if it were a high road in England.

July 20th.—We drove out again, this afternoon, to Pompey's Pillar. On our way we passed the funeral of a man who had died of plague, or "a plague-man," as our servant said. The corpse was preceded by a number of men, armed with large sticks, intended to warn the passers-by to get out of the way. Several women, crying and shrieking in the most doleful strains, walked behind the bier. They wound on to a part of the desert allotted for the interment of those who die of the plague. It was not far from the pillar, and I could see the group, when it halted, distinctly from where we were.

Pardoned criminals are invested with the sad and dangerous task of performing the last rites to plague-victims. As soon as the government authorities hear of any person supposed to be attacked with it, these men are immediately sent to their dwelling, and keep guard over it until the patient either dies or recovers: if the former, all the property is seized and destroyed,

and the inhabitants of the house are compelled to perform quarantine for a long-appointed time within its walls.

Just before our arrival at Alexandria, all the British residents were in the greatest distress, occasioned by the death, from plague, of a servant of the only English doctor in the place. The house, as usual, was immediately guarded, and the doctor made a prisoner in his own dwelling. His patients were thus left unattended, and it was not for several days, and at the earnest representation of our consul, that he was released; and even then he was compelled to leave all his own clothes behind him.

Although it is certain that this dreadful malady is in existence in some quarter of the town at all seasons of the year, and that numbers are annually cut off by it, yet I have heard it asserted that many who are given out to have fallen victims to it have died, in fact, of some other disease, and that the imperative measures employed to stop its progress are often used as a means of revenge: for instance, a person may be sick,

and any one who bears ill-will towards him has only to spread the report that he is attacked with plague, when the guard is immediately sent, in all probability his house and effects are destroyed, and his friends fly from him in terror. But where the laws are regulated at the will and caprice of one man, they cannot but be faulty.

Mohammed Ali is naturally anxious to arrest the scourge that has so often and fatally swept his dominions: he has therefore made very strict quarantine regulations. All vessels coming from Turkey, Syria, or Greece, are obliged to float under the yellow flag for a considerable number of days. But these laws he does not think binding upon himself; for if any of his own ships or secret emissaries arrive, although direct from Constantinople, they are allowed to land and take *pratique* without any difficulty.

To return to our excursion of to-day. We drove on to some high ground beyond the pillar, commanding a magnificent view of Lake Mereotis, Aboukir, and the surrounding sea and land; and upon all sides were

traces of the ancient city. Our road was stopped by the Mahoudiah Canal, lower down than where we landed.

July 21st.—The passengers from the Bombay steamer arrived to-day, and the mail is soon expected to follow. It is strange that it should be sent by land from Cairo instead of by water, so much the quicker conveyance. We are to start to-morrow for Malta.

I never saw any thing so richly caparisoned as the donkeys are here; they look very far from the despised animals they are in Europe. There was one standing in the square opposite our windows this morning, that had a saddle and saddle-cloth of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold or yellow lace, embroidery, and tassels, and its other trappings were of corresponding richness.

I could sit all day at the window of our hôtel and find every moment something new to amuse me. To-day G. was sitting by my side, pencil in hand, and I persuaded him to draw different objects that were passing by until he filled his paper with them grouped together.

First there was a poor woman, with a child by her side, sitting on the ground in the middle of the square, selling water-melons. Then passed a huge camel and its attendant. Now came some kind of Durwee'she, mounted on a donkey; a man selling sherbet; a woman, of the poorest class, with a basket on her head. Afterwards a stately Turk made his appearance, in his flowing robes and white turban; then a lady, whose ample breadths of silk were so distended by the high wind that she looked almost like a walking balloon; and last and least in the picture was a tiny Mussulman of some two or three years old, strutting proudly and playfully along.

In the afternoon G. went up to the roof of the hôtel to draw some little gazelles that were imprisoned there. A man brought one to sell, for two dollars; but although I should have liked much to possess it, our plans were too uncertain for me to venture on the purchase.

July 22d. — All our luggage was sent down to the Custom House on camels, and

from thence, without any search, was taken to the steamer. At eleven o'clock we left the hôtel, accompanied by the only one of our fellow-travellers who remained in Egypt. We drove through some of the narrow streets of the town I had not before visited; they reminded me of some of the picturesque alleys of Cairo.

The steamer lay some distance from the quay, and, as the sea was very rough, even in the harbour, our little boat tossed about and went very much on one side, as the Egyptian boatmen who always like to save themselves trouble, although the wind was almost right against us, hoisted the sail, to avoid rowing.

We threaded through the huge hulls of the fleet and other craft, and at length reached the side of the Tagus steamer; we found nearly all the passengers were on board, and about half an hour afterwards we were under way, and steaming rapidly through the harbour. We passed several beautiful ships and steam-boats belonging to the Pasha; also, the British man-of-war

steamer Cyclops, and some fine French and American frigates. Alexandria looks exceedingly well from the sea. The vice-regal palace, forming one side of the harbour, is a spacious, handsome, white building, with a higher roof rising from behind, being that of the Pasha's hharee'm, and is, in fact, a distinct building from the palace. Several other handsome houses front the quay, and the forest of masts shews the importance of its situation and extent of its commerce.

At the entrance of the harbour many large and picturesque rocks rise on either side; over these the breakers are continually dashing, adding much to their grandeur, but they are dangerous to ships on dark nights, and consequently few venture to enter after sunset. After passing the town, the land on each side of it appears literally covered with wind-mills; their numbers are quite surprising; there must be several hundreds; and, I believe, they form from the sea the characteristic feature of the place. So many sails turning at once has a novel and extraordinary effect. The celebrated

catacombs lie in this direction; the entrance to them was pointed out to me: it appeared like a cave on the beach.

I remained on deck for several hours looking at the retreating shores of Africa and the windmills, indicating the direction of Alexandria.

The sea was very rough, but of the most beautiful azure colour, the usual hue of the Mediterranean. The ship cut swiftly through the waves, although the wind was completely contrary. The deck was so clean, and every thing in such good order and so well arranged, that it formed quite a contrast to the dirty India. The Tagus is one of the Peninsular packets, and took this turn to Alexandria because the Oriental was in dock. It is not half the size of those usually on this station.

The only person, besides myself, who remained on deck during dinner, I imagined, by his dress, to be a Turk, but he afterwards proved to be the Italian physician of Mohammed Ali, who was taking two of his children to Europe, for education. His

wife was a Nubian, and his children black. I never saw any body looking so miserable and so completely out of his element; no one spoke to him, and, as I supposed him a Turk, I did not at first attempt to exchange a word; but I shall have to mention him frequently hereafter.

G. and I were very fortunate in having the small ladies' cabin appropriated to us, as, otherwise, I should have been obliged to share the large cabin with a lady, her servant, and four children, the two little black girls, and the stewardess. I have the greatest abhorrence of what are called ladies' cabins, generally, as in this instance, the worst in the ship, where a number of strangers are packed close together, at a time when they are any thing but agreeable companions.

July 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th.—After the first morning we enjoyed ourselves very much; for although the sea was rough, the weather was beautifully clear and fine, and I began to feel that elasticity in the air to which one is a stranger in the tropics.

The saloon of the Tagus is very prettily and tastefully ornamented; it occupies the whole of the stern, and has windows on three sides. Every thing is carried on in the most liberal style; passengers may have as much soda-water and limonade gazeuse as they choose to call for; and they did so in earnest, for I never heard such a popping of corks as was going on all day. The weather was very hot, and no one seemed to have any thing to do but to quench their thirst. The living, also, was exceedingly good — plain and substantial — and every thing excellent of its kind; but the greatest luxury was the plentiful supply of water. In every cabin each basin was furnished with a cock, where we might draw as much as we pleased, and be liable to no grumbling or questioning from the stewards. This is indeed a luxury, only to be appreciated by those who have, like ourselves, made long voyages, where every drop of water that was given was dealt out as grudgingly as if it were so much gold, notwithstanding its nearer resemblance to ink!

CHAPTER III.

At Anchor off Malta — Quarantine — Marsamusetto, Quarantine Harbour — Lazaretto — Apartments — Guardian — Parlatorj — Egyptian Physician — A Death in Quarantine — Funeral — Guardian's Precautions — Lazaretto Sanita Boats — Quarantine Dangers — Guardian's Impatience — Pratique — Floriana — Valetta — Strada Reale — Apartments — Dress of the Women — Vicenza — Casel Crendi — Great Harbour — Fields of Cotton — Fruit-Trees — Figs — Country — Prickly Pears — Villages or Casels — Carved Balconies — Churches — Religious Zeal — Women spinning — Wells — Aqueduct — Ravine — Windmills — Citta Vecchia — Fountain — Buildings — St. Paul's Church — Grotto of Calypso — Catacombs — Streets of Valetta — St. John's Church — Mosaic Pavement — Market — Prices — Beccaficos — Water-Carts — Ice-Laws — Maltese Language — — Religion — Maltese Women — Marriages — Casa Industria — Boat-Excursion — Protestant Church — The Festa — Princess Royal Hotel — New Church — Old Church — Evening Scene — Ramparts — Caper Plant — Piazza Regina — Upper Barracca — Strada Mercanti — Soldiers — Drive to St. Paul's Bay — Ponsonby's Pillar — St. Antonio — India-Rubber Tree — Sirocco Wind — Palace of St. John's — Armoury — Tapestry Room — Apartments — Public Library — Museum — Tomb of the Marquis of Hastings — Queen, or Ant-Eater — Petrifactions of Geza — Museum — Leaving Valetta.

CHAPTER III.

July 27th.—I awoke very early this morning, finding the ship motionless, and, on looking out of the port-hole, saw by the grey light of dawn that we were at anchor within a stone's throw of the walls of Malta. I tried to go to sleep again, but could not succeed: there is a sort of excitement produced by finding one's self at the end of a voyage, and at anchor in a new port, that is never felt at the termination of a mere land journey. Presently I heard the striking of clocks and ringing of church-bells—sounds that had long been strangers to my ears; and I listened with delight, feeling that I was once more comparatively at home.

As soon as I was dressed I went on deck, but, alas! we were floating under the yellow

flag, and thus still without the chain of the European world. I never thought of the plague till now, when I felt almost terrified at it, there were so many precautions observed, and every one appeared so afraid of communicating with us.

From the Marsamusetto or quarantine harbour, where we were anchored, we saw on one side the high white walls of Valetta, with a few dwelling-houses, and the new Protestant church erected by Queen Adelaide towering above them; while on the other was the island upon which Fort Manoel and the Lazaretto are built. We were anxious to pass our quarantine in the former, as it is considered the coolest; but there was no good room vacant. We determined to remain on board until after dinner; and I never felt any thing in Ceylon equal to the heat and suffocation we experienced. Some of our fellow-passengers by the India, three Frenchmen and as many Englishmen, who had left Egypt nearly three weeks before us, in a French steamer, touching at Syria, thinking they should by that means get

home sooner than by waiting for the Tagus, to our great surprise came off in a boat to see us. They said they had been in quarantine ever since, and were so weary of it, that, although they had only a few days longer to remain, the Englishmen determined to go on in this vessel.

After dinner we left the Tagus, which is to sail to-morrow morning for England, and proceeded to take up our abode in the Lazaretto. I begged to have one of the pretty little awning boats I saw rowing about the harbour, and thought one was secured for me, when, to my dismay, I found the only use we were to be allowed to make of it was, that it should tow us by a long cord in a miserable open boat, as the awning might carry infection. I really felt quite indignant when the boatmen who rowed it pushed us close to the little pier of the lazaretto, and shrank from the least personal contact with us, receiving our money in water.

Our guardian and a man-servant (whom we were obliged to hire at 2*s.* 4*d.* per diem

all the time we should remain in quarantine) received us upon the little terrace which is to form our future boundary. Our apartments were situated at the top of a high flight of stone stairs, outside the building, the ground floor being used as warehouses for goods and merchandise in quarantine. We had three unfurnished rooms and a small kitchen allotted to us: one of these was to be occupied by our servant, and the others were entirely covered by our clothes, which the busy guardian had caused to be unpacked and spread out to air, making every thing in the greatest confusion and discomfort. We were obliged to hire each article of furniture extra.

Turning from these dismal-looking apartments, we asked permission to go to the Parlatorj, and accordingly passed through two or three other courts, similar to our own, to a large room divided through the centre by a double wooden bar running lengthways. Several articles of jewellery, of gold and silver filagree-work, and gloves and mittens, netted in black silk, all of native manufacture, were

exposed for sale on one side of this bar; on the other were our fellow-passengers of the Tagus, for whom the display was made, and who were buying packages of gloves, brooches, and bracelets, that they were not permitted to touch until they had become the irrevocable possessors. They paid their money into troughs of water, and received their purchases from a pair of long iron tongs, which the vendor handed cautiously over to them. It was amusing to see the care the guardians took of their several charges, watching them as if they were so many wild beasts ready to break loose, and carefully keeping their clothes from any contact with each other. I felt quite enraged at them, and very little inclined to pay the sums of *2s. 6d.* per day, and *7d.* in addition for board, to our gaoler—for such he really was. I cannot help thinking that he rendered himself more disagreeable than was necessary, by prying after us at times when there was really no necessity, and for which we had no redress.

When we returned to our court, we found

that Mohammed Ali's physician and his two little black girls, who had come from Alexandria with us, were to share our quarantine; and the rooms allotted to them are approached by the same staircase as ours. Finding we were to be such close neighbours, we determined to make ourselves acquainted: I therefore addressed him in French, and, finding he spoke that language fluently, we were soon the best of friends. We drank tea out of doors, and then retired to our cells, the guardian securely locking them after us.

July 28th.—We were very much annoyed, this morning, by our guardian coming up and insisting upon looking through all our boxes, evidently to satisfy his own curiosity as much as any thing else. Upon our shewing some resistance, he brought up a superior, who, warding us off very disdainfully with his stick, for fear he should be tainted by contact with us or any of our clothes, stood by while the most minute examination was made. All the little bits of cotton in my trinket-boxes were turned out, as he said

that they were "shushsheptable" (susceptible). So we were obliged to submit in silence to all he ordered.

The weather was very hot, but still there was a refreshing sea-breeze blowing into our rooms; and, had we not known we were prisoners in a lazaretto, we should really have been very comfortable. The view from the windows was exceedingly pretty and singular: it extended over the beautiful expanse of water in the Marsamusetto, where hundreds of ships of every nation in the world were lying at anchor, performing their quarantine. On the left rose the white fortifications of Valetta, bastion surmounting bastion, with the dome of the church of St. Publius, in the suburb of Floriana, peeping above the whole. Amongst these bastions may be seen small plantations of cypress mixed with sepulchral monuments, marking the spots devoted to the English burial-grounds.

On the opposite shore, in front of us, and stretching to the right as far as the eye could reach, were garden terraces, composed

of olive, orange, fig, and pomegranate trees, whose dark foliage and luxuriant growth contrasted strongly with the white and stony soil of this island rock. Several houses were perched in different spots, and a road ran winding along the shore until it struck across the country towards Citta Vecchia. Directly opposite to our windows was a small military guard-house.

I set hard to work at my journal, while G. finished his sketches; these two occupations affording us ample employment during the whole period of our quarantine. We have fixed our breakfast-hour at nine, and our dinner-hour at two, and really find the fare from the Tratoria excellent: the peaches, plums, and, above all, the figs, are delicious.

In the evening we descended to our court, where we met our Egyptian friend, who conversed most agreeably, relating numerous and amusing anecdotes of his master the Pasha; he also spoke much of his children, whom he is bringing to Europe to educate. He has already placed his son at college in

Naples, and his little girls are to be established at some good school at the same place. He does not intend to spare any expense upon them; they are to have the best and first masters: thus hoping, he says, to make up for the disadvantage of their colour, by giving them every accomplishment. But I fear he is mistaken, and is not insuring their happiness: their copper skin will be an insurmountable barrier to their success in the European world of civilisation; while those of their own caste will be so much beneath them in mental acquirements, that they in their turn will look down upon them; and thus they will find no suitable associates.

The youngest little girl is really very pretty, and has the brightest and largest eyes I ever saw; but brush and comb have failed in smoothing the stiff curly hair that marks her African origin. They speak Italian very fluently, and their fond father appears to have heaped all the fine clothes upon them he could find in Alexandria. They left the ship yesterday, one in a blue,

and the other in a pink silk bonnet and flowers, according very ill with their complexions.

We sat watching the decline of day from the little stone pier that runs into the harbour, and did not go to our rooms until the moon was shining full upon the waters, throwing the most lovely reflections around. Thousands of fish were sporting near the surface. Every now and then a gay little boat, painted green and red, with its prow and stern curled gracefully round, or projecting up in some fanciful devices, with snow-white awnings and red flag, proclaiming the liberty of pratique, glided past us. Then laboured by a dirty, dingy-looking craft, with a faded yellow flag, enough, by its contrast with the others, to give the plague in imagination. Presently, cutting through the water like a knife (so sharp and even was its course), would come a man-of-war gig, the steady even tug of six or eight British seamen impelling it through the waves straight and swift as an arrow.

It was really a very amusing sight to watch

this noiseless traffic, while seated under the shade of the large acacia-tree that grew from the flag-paved yard.

In the evening the national songs of different countries, sung by the crews of the neighbouring vessels, breathed melodiously through the clear air, lending an additional charm to the moonlit scene.

July 31*st.*—At nine o'clock we were ready this morning, as usual, for our breakfast; but eleven o'clock came, and yet it did not make its appearance: no one knew why, as we had had no communication beyond our prison-yard. At length our servant Carlieu came to say that a gentleman in Fort Manoel, where the tratoria is kept, had died last night of plague, and the cooks had consequently been obliged to leave their kitchen and go into the town in quest of fresh provisions. We made our breakfast upon some coarse bread belonging to the guardian, and a few small fish caught at the moment from the little pier of our court.

It was a long time before we could learn

the particulars, or the name of the gentleman who had died; but, from what we could gather from the reports that reached us, it appeared he was a Frenchman from Calcutta, and was to have taken pratique to-morrow. This led me to fear that it was one of our fellow-passengers in the India; and these suspicions were verified when, towards the afternoon, one of the clerks of the lazaretto came and gave us the name of Monsieur Réme Foudant. I cannot describe the shock it gave me, to think that one I had known so short a time ago, full of health and spirits, should have been cut off so suddenly, and in such a fearful manner. From the particulars we could collect, it seemed that he had been ailing some days; indeed, when we arrived at Malta we were told he was ill; but yesterday morning, when the doctor of the lazaretto came, as is customary, to view him and his companions before giving them pratique, Monsieur Foudant said he was quite well. A short time after, as he was going towards the table to settle his expenses incurred during quarantine, he

suddenly fell back, and never spoke afterwards. His body, after death, was covered with blue spots.

A medical board was immediately held over the remains, and it was adjudged, although not decidedly plague, to be very suspicious; and his companions in quarantine, seventeen in number, were obliged to remain prisoners closely shut up for eighteen days longer.

It is generally supposed that this melancholy catastrophe originated in a large quantity of musk which the Frenchman had brought with him, and kept in his room, it being very valuable, and said to be worth several hundred pounds. The odour of this was so great, that the whole of Fort Manoel was impregnated with it. Several people in the neighbouring rooms had been ill, and Monsieur Foudant himself may be described as having been literally poisoned with it.

I felt so low-spirited and poorly all day, that G. proposed my going down stairs into the open air earlier than usual: accordingly, I left my room, and was descending the

steps, when Carlieu directed my attention to a string of small open boats that were just coming into sight round the point from Fort Manoel. I turned to look at them, when to my horror I saw in the third, which was towed by the two first, a plain black coffin; it was placed across the boat, no pall covered it, but there it lay, bare and neglected, as if made up in haste and unconcern. Four guardians, who were appointed to bear it, sat on either side; two others followed in the next boat, and after a short interval another came in sight: this was occupied by a priest.

Rivetted to the spot where I stood, I listened to the melancholy splash of the oars, and watched the mournful procession as it traversed the whole length of the harbour, until it was hid from view by the sharp angle of the lazaretto, as it shaped its course to the quarantine burial-ground, situated on the same island, and, although unseen, but a very few feet from us. And these were the remains of poor Monsieur Foudant, whom we had parted with so few weeks

before at Cairo, full of life and plans for the future! It seemed but yesterday that I was talking to him on the deck of the India, just before landing at Suez, while he was superintending his Negro-servant cleaning the silver tops of a magnificent dressing-box, which he shewed me as being the last present from his wife, whom, a year before, he had left at Paris with his children, and whither he was then returning to spend a short time, before the mercantile affairs that had brought him home should compel him to return to India. I remember well his saying at the same time, in the full confidence of health and strength, "In three months I shall be returning through these same scenes." And yet one little month has sufficed to sweep him from the face of the earth, to be consigned to that ground allotted for disease, where no human footstep visits the graves of the departed!

I was in the midst of these mournful reflections when the priest and *cortège* repassed. It appeared scarcely five minutes since I lost sight of them, and in that short

time was a fellow-creature consigned to his last resting-place!

August 1st.—The melancholy scene of yesterday made so deep an impression on my mind that I could not shake it off. I cannot fancy any thing more horrible than to breathe one's last in a lazaretto, where even a doctor is inaccessible, at least, to perform any personal offices or examinations, and where all disease is set down as the most terrible and contagious to which human nature is liable. How sad—at least, so it appears to me, who have always cherished the idea that my grave will be often and fondly visited by those most dear to me on earth, and watered by their tears —how sad to be inhumed in an isolated spot appropriated to those who have died *without* the pale of intercourse with their fellow-men, where no footfall, even of the passing traveller may ever tread, and no human voice, save that of some muffled priest, hurrying over the last service near a new-made grave, will ever resound!

August 3d.—G.'s cousins, Captain and

Mrs. Maxwell, came to see us. They landed on the stone pier, and sat on one side of the court, while G. conversed with them from the other, but were not allowed to approach nearer.

August 4th.—I had ordered a bottle of quinine from Valetta, which came yesterday; and this morning the doctor of the lazaretto sent to say that, as I was taking medicine, he should pay me a visit. They must have undone the parcel to see what it was; however, seeing me walking about, and not looking at all plague-bitten, I suppose Mon. le Docteur saved himself the trouble, for he did not come.

Our Egyptian friend is a very clever, sensible person, and his conversation extremely entertaining; we have a long chat in the court every evening with him. He has given me several very interesting details of his journeys across the Great Desert, and his sojourns in Senaar, where he has passed several years of his life, and where his children were born. He describes the riding on dromedaries—a motion generally sup-

posed to be very uneasy — as being quite delightful to those who are acquainted with the proper method, and their pace to be swift as the wind.

August 5th.—We went down stairs before breakfast. The sun had not yet shone in our court, but seeing a bright-looking spot through the open door at the end of another yard, I felt an indescribable wish to go there. At length, after a great deal of persuasion, the guardian consented, upon condition that he should accompany us. I was delighted even at this little change, and sat on the wall, in the eye of the sun, looking at the other side of the harbour, which could be seen from thence. But I was not allowed to enjoy it long, for the guardian, in less than five minutes, warned us to return, and we were obliged to obey.

It is very amusing to watch the precautions taken by our keepers against communicating infection; they constantly receive their own friends, but sit at a certain distance from them, and, at least, while we are present, refrain scrupulously from any

personal contact. It is quite laughable to see them lighting each other's cigar: for instance, this evening our guardian was smoking, when a friend in pratique entered; he brought out another cigar, and laid it on the ground for the new comer to pick up, and, taking the lighted one from his own mouth, laid that down also. The friend took both, and, having ignited the one intended for himself, returned the other in the same manner. Surely, if there was any infection to be taken, the cigar from the guardian's mouth was more likely to carry it than any thing else.

A provision-boat comes every morning with fruit, or to execute commissions. Our Egyptian friend often purchases something from it, and pays his money into water, while the vendor throws the articles out of the boat upon the ground; and yet I have seen him give his pitcher to the guardian to fill from the lazaretto well. These boats, and all others that are in pratique, have "Sanita" written in large letters on them.

August 7th.—When the wind is at all contrary, it is very interesting to see vessels towed into the harbour, to perform quarantine. This morning, a very large ship, just arrived from Tripoli, was brought in by at least twenty boats; and, painted, as they all are, green, red, and yellow, the sun shining upon the white sails of the gallant vessel, the shouts of the boatmen and the crew, who were all on deck, made the scene very gay and pretty. She tacked several times before casting anchor, just in front of our windows. In the afternoon another, also from Tripoli, was towed in, in the same way; she was loaded with Barb horses. We saw them hoisted, one after another, into a boat. They were very handsome, with sleek, golden skins: they usually fetch about 16*l.*

We really are very happy and comfortable, although in prison; the life we lead is so peaceful and uninterrupted. I write, while G. draws; and we have a good supply of books from the garrison library at Valetta, to which we subscribe, whose liberal arrange-

ments afforded us an easy access to all the newest publications.

August 8th.—A great number of fresh passengers, by a French steamer, have arrived to pass quarantine; and as a great part of Fort Manoel has been unoccupied since Monsieur Foudant's death, they have allotted several to our court. Our quarantine being now nearly finished, we are just as much afraid of them as others were of us when we first arrived, for were they to come in contact with us, we should have to recommence our imprisonment. There is a dog belonging to one gentleman, that runs down amongst us very often, to our great alarm, as he is considered as capable of conveying infection as his master. This evening I had a very narrow escape. I was sitting just under the staircase, talking to le Docteur Ferrari, when one of the passengers from above dropped the end of a cigar nearly upon my head. Had it touched me, and the guardian observed it, I should have been liable to fresh quarantine.

August 12th.—Captain and Mrs. Max-

well paid us a visit: nothing can exceed their kindness to us.

August 13th. — To-day is our last in quarantine. We are all bustle and confusion, packing our things and settling our accounts. Now we are really free, we feel almost sorry that we are going to leave, and, I dare say, we shall often look back to our quiet life with regret. A letter from home, the first we have received since leaving Ceylon! How I tore it open and devoured its contents! Letters take more than a fortnight coming from England.

Late this evening, the doctor of the lazaretto paid us a visit, to see that we were free from plague: he peeped in at our door, but was still afraid of touching us.

August 16th.—By daybreak this morning, and before we were up, Carlieu came to say the guardian wanted to see us, to be certain that we were well, before he could take *pratique.* We had been so long subject to his caprices, that we were determined now he should await our convenience, so did not hurry ourselves, notwithstanding he per-

sisted in knocking every five minutes. At length, G. put his head outside the door, but that was not enough; they said they must see the lady's face; so after I thought he had waited long enough, I wrapped myself up in a shawl, and went to the window to shew myself, when I found instead of the guardian it was my Egyptian friend and his children, who were waiting to go. He came up to wish us good-by, and we scarcely knew him, transmogrified as he was by the change from his Turkish to his European clothes.

By eight o'clock we were ready for starting, and stepped, this time, into a very pretty little awning-boat, that soon wafted us across to Floriana, where Captain Maxwell had sent a *calèche* to meet us at the quay called "*Sa Maison.*" These carriages, universally used at Malta, are of a very singular construction. The bodies of some are shaped like landaulets, but the best kind are similar to coaches: they have no springs; they are, however, rendered less necessary by the wheels (of which there are but two)

being placed very far back, and the extreme length of the shafts, which are raised nearly to a level with the back of the horse. By this means the body of the carriage is hung higher in front than behind, and the trot of the horse gives it a sort of springy motion peculiar to itself. A very strong horse indeed it must be to draw a *calèche*, and, at the same time, to bear on its back the immense weight of harness that completes the equipage, and supports the shafts. This harness is studded thickly over with brass nails and ornaments. The reins are very long, and the driver holds them while running by the side, nearly as far back as the carriage window. He is generally dressed very smart, but is almost always without shoes.

As soon as we were seated in our new conveyance, we started at a brisk trot through Floriana to Valetta. We passed the Monte di Piéta and the Botanical Gardens. To-day being Sunday, the road was thronged with peasants in their best attire: the "faldette" of the women, and the picturesque costume of the smyches, had an ex-

tremely novel and pretty effect. The carts, even, by their peculiar construction, added much to the interest; but what particularly struck and pleased me was the air of cleanliness, comfort, and prosperity that characterized every one.

We passed through the Gate of Bombs which forms the entrance to the outer portion of the gigantic fortifications with which Valetta is magnificently girdled. The white bastions of native stone glittered proudly in the sun, except where here and there the lovely caper-plant twined its dark-green leaves and full-blown lilac blossoms from between the crevices. We had one peep of the great harbour, the finest in the Mediterranean, with the fleet lying at anchor in its deep basin, and then entered the Porta Reale, leading into the street of the same name, the largest and handsomest in the city. Here we were greeted by the ringing of bells in every direction, for which Valetta is famous; I never experienced such a variety or confusion of tolling. The first time I heard twelve o'clock strike, I thought

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I should have been quite stunned; every church (and there is an immense number of them), rung a peal at the conclusion of the hour. Most of the clocks strike six, four times in the twenty-four hours, instead of twice twelve.

All the shops were shut as we drove up the Strada Reale, but it was thronged with people, and numbers of British soldiers and seamen were mixing with the handsome Maltese. Valetta would look quite like an English town, as far as regards its cleanliness, neatness, and foot-pavements, but that the large images of saints to be seen at every corner dispel the illusion, and remind one that, although the British flag floats from its walls, the inhabitants are foreigners in religion as well as language.

We passed the governor's palace, and soon after our carriage stopped at Madame Morelle's, in the Strada Reale, where Captain Maxwell had engaged apartments for us. They were exceedingly comfortable; we had two bed-rooms and a handsome sitting-room, very nicely furnished, with three win-

dows looking to the street, and an enclosed wooden verandah, furnished with windows, which might be shut or opened at pleasure. This style is peculiar to Malta, and admirably adapted for the climate; it gives a very picturesque effect to the streets. Our windows commanded the whole length of the Strada Reale, up and down, and embraced the square in front of the palace, where the band plays three times a-week. The rent of our rooms, waiter and housemaid included, was fifteen shillings per week.

The evening gun, and the bugles of the Rifle Brigade, now quartered here, sounded quite natural to my ears; every thing at Malta bears a military stamp, reminding one of its importance.

August 16th. — I did not leave the house either to-day or yesterday, but found ample amusement sitting in the verandah, watching the passing groups, composed of people from almost every nation in the world. The dress of the smyche, or Maltese peasant, is very picturesque; it consists of a sort of striped jacket without sleeves, a pair of blue trou-

sers, with a scarf of some gay colour twisted round the waist, and a long scarlet worsted cap hanging nearly a yard down the back; a large chequered sash, thrown across the shoulders, completes the costume. The hair is often curled in two long ringlets on each side of the face.

The women of all classes wear the "faldette," a sort of short cloak gathered into plaits on one side only. It is thrown over the head, one end hanging down behind, while the other is held in the left hand, the fulness being on the right side. They are always black, and the material is either of cotton or silk, according to the means of the wearer. It is a most becoming costume, and shews off the handsome features of the women to great advantage; and they really are handsome, almost without exception, combining the fine eyes and hair of Italian beauties with clear complexions. The remainder of their out-of-door dress, called "onynella," consists in a full petticoat, either black or brown, and a shawl or handkerchief folded across the shoulders. The national dress is

without shoes and stockings, but the town ladies all wear them; when they do not it has a rather singular effect.

I engaged a Maltese lady's-maid to-day; she speaks English very well, and is an excellent needle-woman. Her wages are to be seven dollars per month, finding her own board and lodging.

G. went this evening to see some races in Floriana, and came back quite pleased with the sport. There were horse, mule, and donkey stakes; the horses were capital, and the donkeys were of the large Goza breed. The winner in the first stakes had been purchased a few weeks previously out of a ship from Tripoli. But the most novel features in the sport were the prizes, the winning horse carrying off a silk gown, the mule a shawl, and the donkey a cap and scarf. Crowds of people were assembled, all perfectly orderly and quiet. The Governor, Sir Henry Bouverie, was present.

August 17th.—I took my first drive to-day, with the intention of going to Casel Crendi, a village about seven miles from

Valetta, where some very singular remains of antiquity were discovered a short time ago; but we found the road so bad, and the journey so fatiguing, that we turned back before reaching it. I enjoyed my drive, however, very much. We passed through Floriana, and close down to the Grand Harbour; it has more the appearance of a very wide river than an inlet from the sea, but it is so deep that the largest man-of-war can anchor even within a very few feet of the shore. Several of these splendid vessels now covered its surface, amongst others, the Queen, one of the largest in our navy.

The road we followed ran directly inland, towards the centre of the island, and was on the ascent nearly the whole way. Every spot of ground, in any degree capable of being so, was highly cultivated. Large tracts were covered with crops of the cotton plant, just now in full bloom. The flower is generally deep yellow or orange, and contrasts beautifully with the bright green leaves. The plants are about a foot and a half in height.

Although there is scarcely an acre of land

not covered more or less with large loose white stones, yet it bears profusely and abundantly. No trees of any size, excepting the cypress, and here and there a solitary date-palm, are to be met with. But there are abundance of fruit-trees, which produce in profusion the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. The fig-trees seem to bear two-thirds of the year, and are literally weighed down with their green and purple harvest. The latter are the largest and finest to the eye, but I prefer the flavour of the green, as the sweetest and most delicate.

The pomegranate, peach, apricot, and plum are standard trees, and very fine of their kind. The road was often skirted with hedges of the prickly pear, hanging in luxuriant masses over the low stone walls; it differs from the same plant in Egypt, the fruit being larger, and of a bright orange-red colour: the flowers are yellow. In other parts, trellises of vines, literally bending with their luscious clusters, were to be seen. The country is generally cultivated in terraces

formed by sunken walls, supporting the scanty soil, to prevent it from being washed down by the rains; this has a very singular effect, and makes the whole appear, as it really is, artificial, every part bearing the stamp of the hand of man.

We passed through several villages, or casels, as they are called, of which there are twenty-two in the island; they would deserve the name of small towns any where else, being substantially and entirely built of stone, and appear both populous and prosperous. Many of the houses bear the stamp of antiquity, and I remarked several that were ornamented with beautiful stone balconies, elaborately carved. Every village boasts, at least, of one church, generally two; I never saw so many within such short distances of each other, and they are, without exception, spacious and handsome, appearing more calculated to adorn a large town than a simple hamlet. The grandeur and magnificence of these edifices must be quite enigmas to those who do not know the zeal that precedes their foundation. As soon as the inhabitants

of a village have decided upon constructing a church, the whole population of the neighbourhood set unanimously to work to forward the desired end; horses, carriages, and men are all put into requisition. They go to the quarries to hew the stones; rich and poor are equally interested, and all take their share in the general work; it is one vast association, where time, strength, and money are given with equal feelings of devotion, and all are levelled to a true fraternity of spirit. Thus these temples soon majestically raise their heads, as if almost by enchantment, shewing the power of that combination so much rejected by modern society, in which the heart becomes corrupted by selfishness.

Every thing in the island displays that feeling of religious devotion the inhabitants so much pride themselves upon. Crosses, chapels, and images are to be met with in greater profusion than in any part of the Continent I have visited, and one is constantly reminded of the knightly priests who formerly swayed the land.

At the doors of the houses groups of women are generally to be seen spinning, and, with distaff in hand, added to their picturesque costume, would form admirable studies for a painter. The numerous wells that are scattered about in the fields may be known by a square arch of stone raised over each.

August 18*th.*—We went to-day to visit Citta Notabile, or Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta, situated about seven miles and a half from Valetta. The road we followed, styled that of San Giuseppe, is skirted for several miles by the great aqueduct (constructed by order of the grand-master Wignacourt) that supplies the modern town with an abundance of the best water, conveyed from a distance of nine miles and a half. It crosses the road, about two miles from Valetta, by a handsome archway.

As we proceeded, our way lay through very much the same sort of country as that we saw yesterday. At one point we suddenly came upon a lovely little ravine: it was, in fact, merely a fissure between two rocky

table-lands, but clothed in such rich luxuriance of vines, fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, all twined together, and the sun throwing such a striking light into its depths, as to make it quite enchanting.

There are a great number of windmills scattered throughout the island: they appear to me to be of a singular construction; but I do not know how to describe them, except by saying that they have an unusual number of cords and pulleys attached to their sails.

At length we came to the foot of the hill, one of the highest points in Malta, with Citta Vecchia crowning its summit. The ancient buildings and ruined fortifications climbing the rocky sides of the eminence, cresting it with hoary battlements, had a fine effect. The ascent to the town was very steep, and on either side terrace rose above terrace.

Before entering the gate, we passed a very curious fountain: it was nearly overgrown with a thick creeper, and upon the top knelt two figures. I did not observe them so much in going as in returning, for

they had been clothed during the interval. At first sight I took them for a couple of living women. I do not know what these images were intended to represent.

The streets of this ancient city, the former capital of the Knights of St. John, are very narrow, but many of the buildings are exceedingly beautiful. We drove into an open green in the centre, from whence we saw, close by, the senatorial palace, the church of the Benedictines, the seminary, and what was formerly a large convent or monastery. Further to the right rose the cathedral church of St. Paul, the largest in the island, and supposed to be built on the site of the dwelling of Publius, who was governor of Melita (or Malta) when St. Paul was shipwrecked upon its shores, and where he passed the succeeding winter months. It is very handsome, and magnificently ornamented. G. visited it alone, for the wind was so high and cold I was afraid of leaving the carriage; so I contented myself with the magnificent view I could enjoy from the windows, comprising almost half the island,

of which Citta Vecchia forms nearly the centre.

With the city behind me, I looked from the summit of the hill over the surrounding valleys, thickly studded with villages, to the wide extent of the blue Mediterranean beyond. A fairy creek was pointed out to me as St. Paul's Bay, and farther on the site of the fabled Grotto of Calypso.

Casel Hasim, whose inhabitants claim the honour of having been the first to receive baptism, lay at my feet. Close by were the catacombs, said to be very extensive; but they have been in a great measure filled up, by order of government, in consequence of many people having lost their lives in attempting to explore them. As my curiosity did not tend that way, we turned to go home, promising ourselves to visit Citta Vecchia again. We took a lower road, passing close to the government gardens of St. Antonio, looking lovely in the setting sun.

August 19th.—We walked out this evening to see something of the town, a very

singular one. Many of the streets consist entirely of steps, and are impassable for carriages or horses. This is the case with one end of the Strada Reale. The three principal streets are the Strada Reale, the Strada Forni, and the Strada Mercanti; from these nearly all the others run. The houses are built of white stone, and have flat roofs forming terraces, that afford delightful walks. They are all provided with wooden verandahs, similar to the one I have described in our apartments. Almost every thoroughfare is supplied with an abundant fountain, constituting one of the chief ornaments of the town, and dispensing comfort and cleanliness to its inhabitants. At the corner of each street a large image of some saint is sure to be seen, generally forming the lamp-post, and processions of priests are met every way one turns.

We first directed our steps to the church of St. John the Baptist, the finest in the place, and in its way certainly one of the handsomest in the world. It is an object of great veneration to the Maltese; and in

truth nothing has been spared in its construction to render it worthy of becoming the chief seat of worship of those far-famed religious knights, who were the *élite* of all the noblest in the Christian world. At the time the British took possession of the island, it was proposed that the church of St. John should be devoted to celebrate the rites of the English church; but this idea was relinquished, for it was found the Maltese would rise up in arms against it.

There is nothing striking about the exterior of the edifice: on the contrary, it is built of plain white stone, and exceedingly simple; but the first *coup-d'œil* of the interior is magnificent and unique, losing nothing afterwards by the minutest examination. The grand arched ceiling was painted by the Cavalier Calabraze, and represents the principal events in the life of St. John the Baptist, together with several other scenes. It is in fresco, and the colours appear to be as brilliant as the day they were placed there. All the decorations and ornaments are of the greatest magnificence.

Between each arch, up the entire length of the nave, are mosaic portraits in medallion, of the most exquisite execution. Above these hang draperies of crimson silk, reflecting a warm hue over the surrounding objects, adding much to the solemnity of the whole.

The beautiful chapels occupying the two side-aisles were, in the prosperous times of the knights, devoted to those of the different nations or languages into which they were severally classed: thus the Spaniards assembled in one chapel, the Italians in another, and so on; and their place of sepulture was usually the same.

But perhaps the most admirable and striking part of the whole church is the pavement, unique of its kind: it is composed entirely of sepulchral stones, covering the tombs of the knights-grand-crosses of the order, who alone had the privilege of being inhumed here. The greatest part of this funereal pavement is embellished by the richest mosaics, representing a crowd of allegorical subjects, bearing reference to the

dignities and employments of the knights during their lifetime.

Many of the monuments to the grand-masters are very elegant and costly, well worthy of attention. The tomb of the grand-master, Manoel Villema, on the left-hand side of the principal entrance, is singular from the figures being of bronze and the drapery of black marble. The effect is very striking. Another in the right aisle contains a magnificent mosaic portrait, held, if I remember right, by a female figure in white marble.

At the end of this aisle is the chapel, enclosed by the celebrated gates of massive silver that during the Revolution only escaped the rapacity of the French by being painted black, to represent iron. Now they appear in all their native brilliancy, splendid beyond description, and exquisitely chased.

Within the chapel are one or two inscriptions on the same precious metal. The whole church is richly adorned with silver lamps and candlesticks. The chapel corresponding to the one I have just described,

on the left-hand side-aisle, is also enriched with several silver ornaments. We remarked many good pictures: the finest represents the beheading of John the Baptist, by Caravagio. The altar-piece is the assumption of the Virgin.

It must be a most magnificent sight to witness the fête held in this beautiful temple on St. John the Baptist's day, when the whole building is illuminated, inside and out, and the governor and all the authorities of the town are present. I saw a large throne-like chair, of crimson velvet and gold, surmounted with the British arms, which is appropriated to the governor on the occasion; it looks ill-placed in these venerable precincts.

While I trod the vaulted aisles of this noble temple, my thoughts wandered back to the time when the ceremonies of religion were celebrated within its walls, with all the pomp of which the Roman Catholic worship is susceptible, by priests who were noble knights, beloved and honoured by all Christendom, and the terror of its enemies.

These scenes have passed away, although the same deep-toned bell that then summoned them together still tolls amidst their fortress rock.

August 20th.—We walked to the market, part of which is held in the Strada Mercanti, and part in a large building close by, erected for the purpose. It was really a very pretty sight, the fruit and vegetables being in such perfection, and every thing else equally good of its kind. The very best beef was 4*d.* per pound; mutton, 5*d.*; small and large fowls, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; turkeys, 5*s.* to 7*s.*; geese, 3*s.*; ducks, 1*s.* 6*d.* fat rabbits, 8*d.*; very large pumpkins were 2*d.* each; water-melons, 1½*d.*; and fine bringals, or egg-plants, ¼*d.*; beccaficos, just coming into season, are 1½*d.* each. We had some for dinner to-day, for the first time: they are very delicious little birds, about half the size of a lark, but excessively fat. The best white sugar is sold in the market for 3½*d.* per pound; in short, Malta being a free port, the best of every thing is to be obtained, at very reasonable prices.

It is exceedingly amusing to watch the busy throngs constantly crowding the Strada Mercanti, the dresses are so picturesque. The method of watering the streets of Valetta appears to me very strange; the water is contained in a barrel drawn upon wheels; at the end of this a long leathern pipe is inserted, from which the water is constantly pouring, while a man walks behind for the purpose of swinging the pipe from side to side, and who is certainly, to say the least of it, as much watered as the road.

We visited several magazines of native sculpture, and saw some splendid vases and figures exceedingly well executed. It seems a pity that they are not composed of more durable material than the soft white stone of the island.

As we returned home through the square, the band was playing delightfully, and crowds of well-dressed people were walking up and down, listening to it. We betook ourselves to our verandah, where our ears were charmed and our eyes amused while

we were resting and cooling ourselves by eating ice, a very cheap and abundant article in Malta, great quantities being consumed by all classes of the people; indeed, so necessary is it considered to them, that Government has licensed the importation of it to one man, who is bound to have a constant supply at a fixed price; and in order to insure its abundance, he is liable to a heavy fine of about *5l.* per hour if he should, under any circumstances, be unable to answer the full demand. The ice, or rather frozen snow, is brought from Mount Etna in Sicily.

I like my Maltese maid very much; she is exceedingly useful and intelligent, and has told me a great many facts relative to the manners and customs of the people, which very likely I might otherwise have remained ignorant of. The Maltese language resembles Arabic more than any other, being perfectly understood upon the coast of Africa; but the inhabitants can almost all speak Italian more or less, and now generally learn English. In religion they are exceedingly bigoted and severe in their rules; none of

those who have not performed the duties of confession within the year, and possess a ticket from the priest to certify such to be the case, are allowed to receive the Sacrament, and should they die under these circumstances, the clergy will not officiate at their funerals. The consequence is, that very few pass a month, or at most two months, without confessing, and all appear very exact in their attendance at church. They fast rigorously every Friday and Saturday throughout the year. Religious processions are to be seen passing through the streets at all hours, and priests are constantly taking the Sacrament to the sick or dying. During the time they are administering it, some of the choristers remain kneeling outside the house, and almost every passer-by joins in the devotion: thus crowds of people are often to be seen prostrate in the streets.

The Maltese women lead a very retired life; they are never allowed to walk out without their parents, nor to speak to any man until they are married; their acquaintance with their husbands being made entirely

afterwards. When a man wishes to marry, he goes to the father of the lady he admires (who, perhaps, he may have seen once or twice through an open door or window), stating what he is worth, and what are his expectations. If the father and he are mutually satisfied, the state of the case is made known to the girl, who is seldom averse to changing her condition. Rings are then exchanged, and the young man is invited to dinner and to walk out with all the family, brothers and sisters included, however many there may be. The next time they meet is generally in church, to be united. The father of the bride gives, besides the *trousseau*, part of the household furniture, and plate, if he be rich enough.

I was much amused when Vicenza, talking of her children, the two biggest of whom are in the Casa Industria, said she thought that the eldest girl, who is just thirteen years old, would be married in a year or two, for now they were allowed to come out of the school for three days every six months, and during that time very likely

some young man might see and admire her. I laughed at the idea of such a short acquaintance, but she told me that at the last holidays, sixty girls were married, and the rule had been made on purpose to give them an opportunity, for, during the rest of the year they are never allowed to leave the walls; and even their parents, excepting on some urgent necessity, are only permitted to see their children at certain hours on Sunday.

The Casa Industria is a sort of charity-school, where children are taught some useful trade, and to read and write. The girls make the pretty silk gloves and mittens for which Malta is celebrated.

August 21st.—We went this afternoon to witness a very singular exhibition that took place in the Marsamusetto, or quarantine harbour, and was attended by crowds of spectators of all ranks. We walked to the harbour, and descended the long flight of stairs close to the new Protestant church now erecting by order of Queen Adelaide; it is a beautiful building of white stone, and

will contain all the English inhabitants, who are at present without any place of worship, excepting a far from adequate room in the palace.

Embarking in one of the gaily painted boats, shaded by an awning of striped cotton, we were soon rowing to the scene of action.

Fort Manoel and the Lazaretto being now no longer our prison, looked really beautiful in the distance; and, rejoicing in my freedom, I should have felt quite happy in gazing at them, had not my mind wandered to poor Monsieur Foudon's grave. The weather was charming; not a cloud was in the sky, and the sun, now low in the horizon, sent a soft light around, blending the garden-terraces on one side, and shining full upon the bastions and houses on the other. A refreshing breeze was playing over the waters, rippling them in its course. The many ships of different nations, and of all shapes and sizes, riding out their quarantine, added much to the effect; while in every direction, hurrying onwards to the Festa, were the party-coloured

boats of the country, filled with well-dressed people, seated beneath the snow-white curtains, all with countenances ripe for enjoyment. I never saw so gay a scene. The beautiful women of Malta were dressed in their holiday costumes, black silk petticoats being added to the graceful faldette, the most becoming of all head-dresses. Every now and then, a man-of-war boat, filled with officers, shot by us, giving variety to the scene.

At length we reached the hulk which was to be the theatre of the Jousta, the amusement of the evening; it was large, and stood high above the water, where it was firmly moored. Placed in its centre, was a pole nearly twice the length of itself, projecting bowsprit fashion, from the prow, and at the extreme point of this was fastened the flag which constituted the goal. The crowd of boats was really astonishing; there must have been several thousands, and yet no confusion or disturbance took place, no pushing and shouting; the greatest order and good-humour prevailed; all seemed to be aware

of a point so generally forgotten during sight-seeing, viz. that every body had as much right to see as themselves.

It was curious to look from our boat at the dense mass of human heads that lined the shore of Floriana. They were ranged in tiers three deep, the first sitting upon the edge of the harbour, the next upon the low wall behind, and the last standing. Every window was full, and the flat-terraced roofs of the houses crowded. Not far off were extensive preparations for fireworks, to be exhibited in the evening for the amusement of the people.

As the operations had not commenced when we arrived, we had plenty of opportunity to look around at the gaudy scene—for such it really was. In a boat close by us sat, muffled up in shawls and cashmeres, the ex-Bey of Tripoli, who, since his expulsion, has resided at Malta. He wore upon his head a voluminous white turban; his countenance was stately and dignified. Several boats were filled with handsome young Greeks, in the picturesque costume of their country;

others with English soldiers. Then would come an importation of Italians, breathing out their melodious language; and then a crew of such a variety of differently-curled and variously-coloured moustaches, that one was tempted to believe it composed of a specimen from every country in Europe, save our island home, whose sturdy seamen filled many a neighbouring bark. But the Maltese themselves were the greatest ornament to the assembly.

Some of the competitors for the prize now began to arrive. They were, with the exception of a pair of short drawers, entirely without clothing. They jumped into the water, and during the time they were waiting for the signal to commence, which must have been a full hour, swam about, diving down for money thrown to them, cutting in and out amongst the boats, and performing a variety of other feats, merely resting now and then, for a moment or two, upon the blade of a friendly oar.

During this time, a man carrying a large basket full of grease upon his arm, was sent

out to the end of the pole, and proceeded to smear every part of it. Soon after this was finished, the signal was given, and the competitors, from twelve to fifteen in number, scrambled up the cable into the hulk. The performance consisted in walking the whole length of the slippery pole, until the flag of the union-jack was reached and borne away, the first attaining it winning the prize. The difficulty was increased by its diminishing towards the end (which was the most elevated part), and from the great vibration produced by the constant tread of the men. They succeeded each other as quickly as possible; as soon as one had failed and fallen into the water, another took his place. It was quite painful to look at them; some walked sideways, others forward, balancing themselves with their arms; as soon as they had got half way, they held out their hands, ready to grasp the flag, when the vibration would become so great, that they were pitched head-foremost into the harbour. They then swam round, got into the boat again, and

were ready for a fresh start when their turn arrived.

Two or three were much more skilful than the rest, while others threw themselves into the water almost directly.

We waited till the sun had set, and as the contest was not then decided, we were obliged to leave, but before we had rowed back half way, we heard the shouts proclaiming that the goal had been won, and by one of the competitors I mentioned.

We came home through the Strada Forni, one of the handsomest in Valetta. The Princess Royal Hotel, near the square of the palace, is of very beautiful architecture, and I think must have been one of the eight auberges, or palaces, devoted to the different nations in the Order of St. John.

August 22d. — Ever since I heard the history connected with it, I had been very anxious to visit Casal Musta, a small and poor-looking village, but where, nevertheless, a magnificent church is in the act of being erected, upon the plan of the Pantheon

at Rome. The story is as follows:—The priest of the village being seized with a great desire to travel, performed a pilgrimage to the Papal city, and from thence to London, where, having seen, admired, and wondered at the colossal piles of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, and the Pantheon, resolved upon what appeared the wild scheme of erecting a similar edifice in his native Casal. He returned, had the plans drawn out, and commenced the foundation; at his death he left all his savings to continue the work, but although wonderfully large for those of a poor priest, they were, of course, far from adequate for its completion; but the pious project being once commenced, the expenses are defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of the inhabitants, and carried on by the gratuitous labour of the workmen on fête-days and holidays.

When we visited the building, it had made a considerable stride towards completion; the outer walls being quite finished, although not roofed in. It is certainly a very splendid structure, and has an imposing effect: its portico is 112 feet long and 60 high, the in-

terior circle being 125 feet: the columns that adorn it are exceedingly handsome. A very singular fact, is, that it is built over the old church, still perfect, within its walls, and where service was going forward when we entered it. This, a moderately-sized building, gives, by comparison, an excellent idea of the proportions of the new one, in the midst of which it stands like a toy.

As soon as the new temple is sufficiently completed, the old one is to be pulled down, and thus the ground will not have to be re-consecrated.

An inclined plane is placed from the ground to the roof, for the convenience of the workmen. G. went up, and said the view from the top was very fine and extensive. The church is dedicated to St. Paul.

We came back a great part of the way by quite a new road; the country round was much more bare and desert, and the ground covered with immense rocks of white stone, affording nourishment to nothing but olive-trees, which, however, appeared to thrive very well, and their crooked, knotty trunks

and branches formed a pleasing ornament to the rude scene. It was a lovely evening, and as we approached Valetta the view was beautiful. The setting sun made the windows of the churches glitter like gold in the distance; and, here and there a solitary palm-tree raised its head, giving an eastern touch to the surrounding objects, while every now and then luxuriant trellices of vine met our view. The depth of the shadows, and the richness of the lights were charming.

August 23d.—We confined our walk to the town this morning, and after taking another look at St. John's church, we strolled down to the end of the Strada Reale, and then mounted a flight of steps leading to the ramparts,—the view from thence is very extensive, reaching over Floriana and the neighbouring suburbs into the interior of the island. From every crevice in the walls hung clusters of the caper plant. The flower is exceedingly beautiful; it has four large white petals with a quantity of long lilac stamens. The leaf is nearly round; the flower bud is the part that is pickled and

eaten in sauce. The only other flower we met with was a pink one, something like our "ragged robin."

Wandering along these massive battlements, we found ourselves in the Piazza Regina, just opposite the beautiful Auberge de Castille of the knights of St. John, now used as officers' quarters. It is a large and finely carved building, exceedingly lofty. Over the principal door is a handsome escutcheon in white marble.

Following the road to the right, we arrived at the gardens of the Upper Barracca, planted with cyprus trees, and adorned with a handsome promenade, commanding a view of the Great Harbour. Several monuments have been erected here to celebrated persons; amongst others to the Governor, Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Henry Hotham, (very well executed) Sir F. Freemantle, &c. At one end is an obelisk erected to Colonel Edwards, of the Ceylon Rifles, with a very laudatory inscription.

The view from the Barracca is exceedingly extensive and beautiful, commanding

the magnificent harbour and the three towns beyond. The castle of St. Angelo, with its four ranks of batteries, and its deep fosses hewn out of the solid rock, forming an amphitheatre, rises in the centre. Nearer the mouth, towers the castle of St. Elmo; upon another point is the vast Naval Hospital; while on the bosom of these bastion-girded waters floated the British fleet. It is a very interesting and peculiar sight to behold these huge vessels, the triumph of man's art, lying within a stone's throw of the banks, quite safe from the storms that may be raging around.

Busy steamers were plying in all directions. One could not gaze down upon the scene below without being filled with admiration, and being duly impressed with the importance of this island rock.

We returned home through the court of the Auberge de Castille, which led us into the upper end of the Strada Mercanti. I remarked here another very handsome house adorned with marble trophies; the Police

office also is worthy of attention, on account of a curious fountain in the yard.

August 24th.—We turned our steps to-day quite in the contrary direction from yesday. Proceeding down the other end of the Strada Mercanti, we entered two churches. The images in one of them were surrounded by wax models of noses, arms, legs, hands, &c. intended as testimonies of the miracles performed at their shrines. Whenever I have been into any of the churches here, I have almost invariably seen many of the English soldiers at their devotions.

We passed by the military hospital, towards a fort, at the entrance of the harbour; here we seated ourselves upon the bastion and watched the glorious scene, the expanse of the Mediterranean as well as the port being exposed to our view. I saw a splendid brig come in, in gallant style, with snow-white sails full set and swelling to the breeze. Then passed several boats heavily laden from Gozo, filled with picturesque-looking peasants of both sexes. I saw also some of the

smallest boats imaginable, hardly large enough to hold one little boy; they never venture out of the harbour, but row about from ship to ship to pick up oakum. Immediately opposite to us was the Naval Hospital, a noble pile and worthy of its name.

August 25th.—We drove to-day with the intention of visiting St. Paul's Bay, supposed to be the identical spot where the apostle was shipwrecked on his voyage to Rome. (Acts, xxvii. and xxviii.) It is situated near the same desert part of the island we passed through when we returned from Casal Musta. After proceeding some distance we came to a high point of land overlooking the whole scene. About two miles below us lay the little fairy creek, bounded by two small islets, with the wide sea beyond, dashing against the rocky, iron-bound coast. As I gazed upon it I felt not a doubt upon my mind as to its being the self-same bay where, nearly eighteen centuries ago, the apostle of the Gentiles, and the crew of the ship, whose lives God spared for his sake, were cast upon its shores. The form of the creek is

so peculiar, that it seems almost impossible that a ship of any size could be thrust into its narrow mouth. "When it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship."—Acts, xxvii. 39.

Although we were anxious to reach the shore, yet the bird's-eye view from where we were appeared so comprehensive and good, that we were afraid of losing it, so paused upon the top of the hill for G. to make a rough

sketch from the carriage-window. As soon as the drawing was completed, we began to de-

scend the steep, zig-zag road, hewn out from the solid face of the rock, much to the discomfort of our driver, who assured us that we should not reach the bay until dark; but his remonstrances only made us the more obstinate, and on and on we pushed, until the road really seemed to lengthen as we went. At length we reached the foot of a small hill terminating at the water's edge. Just below it is Casal Naseiaro, signifying, in Arabic, "the place of the Nazerenes;" it was the first Christian village in Malta, and a chapel is built over the spot where it is supposed that St. Paul shook the viper from his hand.

August 28th.—We wandered about the ramparts on that side where a pillar is raised to the memory of General Ponsonby, and came back by the Strada Mezzodi, where the Admiralty palace, a fine building, is situated.

August 29th. — In the evening, we drove to visit the governor's country palace at St. Antonio. It is a lovely place, rendered more so by the contrast its cyprus groves afford to the surrounding country, where scarcely a

tree is to be seen. At a little distance, perhaps it appears too sepulchral, but this feeling is soon dissipated by driving up the avenue of gigantic orange-trees by which it is approached. The air was scented with perfume to an almost overpowering degree, while the flowering branches hung side by side with those of the fruit just turning.

We drove into the large yard of the palace, where we left the carriage, and proceeded on foot through the vine-clad terraces, loaded with purple clusters, to the garden, which, although now much neglected, is quite a fairy scene. Beautiful flowers and flowering shrubs were vieing with each other in variety of form and brilliancy of colour; while every now and then the winding paths terminated in a silvery fountain. The very solitude and neglect pervading this lovely retreat adds to its charms, by a sort of melancholy feeling experienced while traversing it. I recognised many of my Ceylon jungle favourites amongst the most choice flowers. Several splendid varieties of cactus were growing luxuriantly. In a small enclosure was an India-rubber

tree, growing in the open air, from its size, the greatest curiosity of the place, but which I immediately remembered as being one of the most common trees in the jungle.

The Palace of St. Antonio is a very handsome and spacious building, but is no longer inhabited by the present governor. One of the subordinate officers occupies a part of it.

August 30th.—The hot damp wind of the sirocco has set in to-day, and destroyed the clearness of the atmosphere I have hitherto so much admired at Malta. During the time this wind prevails, the sun is usually overcast.

September 2d.—We had postponed visiting the governor's palace, which our kind cousins, Captain and Mrs. Maxwell, had offered to shew us, until to-day. It was formerly the residence of the Grand Master, and is an exceedingly handsome and spacious building, occupying a whole square, surrounded by four public streets. It is only one story high, and is surmounted by an elegant cornice. At one angle rises the observatory, founded in 1780, by the Grand

Master, Emanuel de Rohan. This is now used as a signal-station for ships. G. tells me, the view from the top is very extensive. Several lofty halls and corridors are contained within the palace walls, and a large room on the ground-floor is at present used as the English chapel.

We first visited the armoury, forming one side of the quadrangle. It is a magnificent apartment, containing, independently of the many rare and curious weapons of antiquity, ten thousand muskets fit for present use. Numerous coats of mail, mostly belonging to the Knights of St. John, are ranged round different parts of the room. The most beautiful of these is the suit of the Grand Master, Vignecourt, inlaid with gold. It is the same that he is represented to be wearing in the fine picture painted of him by Caravaggio, in another part of the palace. We also saw the armour of the Grand Master, La Valette (the founder of Valetta). I particularly admired some small armour, beautifully inlaid. At one end of this gallery is a large glass case containing some

magnificent Turkish arms. The ceiling of this apartment is painted with the escutcheons of the different governors of Malta.

Leaving the armoury, and passing through a long corridor, adorned with paintings in fresco, and portraits of the knights, we came into the tapestry-room, representing a series of Indian animals and birds of various kinds, admirably executed. This beautiful apartment is now rendered unfit for occupation, on account of the windows looking into the Racket Court.

It would be superfluous to give a detailed description of the many handsome suites of apartments we traversed: some of them contained a few good pictures. We now passed by the private entrance into what is called the Public Library, founded by a Grand Master in 1760, and is quite distinct from that belonging to the garrison. It is an immense apartment, containing many thousand volumes in all languages. It is open to the public for a certain number of hours every day, and comprehends a small museum of the antiquities discovered at Malta, amongst

others, several curious sarcophagi, some Roman remains, and many very singular Phœnician inscriptions. But what interested me more than any thing, were the figures lately disinterred from the ruins discovered near Casel Crendi. These consist of several dwarf images, with monstrous and disproportioned limbs, in grotesque sitting attitudes, some of them sculptured in Maltese stone, and others of terra cotta. No one has been able to discover what could have been their origin, or by what people they were moulded. They are known by the name of the "Fat Women of Crendi."

Returning through the gates of the palace, two broken prostrate columns that were lying near were pointed out to us. They had been brought from the ruins of ancient Carthage, with the idea that Queen Adelaide might like them to form the material of the font in the new Protestant church building at her expense.

In the evening G. went to visit the tomb of the Marquis of Hastings, situated on a different part of the ramparts to any we have

before visited. No monument is erected over it, and nothing rests upon the plain flat slab that marks the spot but a small stone cushion, placed there, as a monument, by some of the grateful inhabitants. The view from hence is very extensive, looking over Floriana and the quarantine harbour, as far as Citta Vecchia.

I believe I have not mentioned in any former page the singular circumstance of almost every plant and bush in the neighbourhood of Valetta being covered more or less with a number of small snail shells, generally white, which often appear to have hardened and petrified there.

September 3d.—G. brought home with him to-day a very pretty little bird, called the "queen" or "ant-eater," the latter name referring to its singular manner of obtaining its livelihood. It lays itself down on the ground, in the neighbourhood of its prey, and remains quite motionless, feigning death, but at the same time hanging its long tongue out. The ants, attracted by a glutinous moisture peculiar to it, are soon brought around; and when there are a sufficient number collected,

the bird suddenly draws in its tongue and swallows the repast.

Last night we purchased several of the beautiful petrifactions found in the rocks of Gozo, from a peasant and his wife just arrived from thence.

I must not omit to mention, in reference to that island, the gigantic donkeys we constantly meet with, as the original breed comes from thence, where the largest are still to be found. Those seen about the streets of Valetta vary from thirteen to fourteen hands high. One was brought for us to look at the other day, bred at Gozo, full fourteen hands, although only three years old, and for which the owner asked two hundred dollars or forty pounds. Its coat was beautifully soft and glossy; and were it not for its shape and long ears, one would scarcely have imagined it to be related to the poor, degraded donkeys of our clime.

The day has at length arrived for us to quit Malta, and I cannot say how sorry I am. It is such a cheerful, happy looking place, and the air so pure and fine, that I would

have given much to spend the winter there. But it could not be, so I determined to make the best of it; and looked forward with real pleasure to the opportunity afforded me of visiting Sicily, a country I had always felt a great desire to see.

Before I take a final leave of the island, I must mention, as a warning to future travellers, an annoyance we were obliged to submit to. We had just paid our passage-money to Naples, and were within a few hours of starting, when a notice of impediment against quitting the island was served upon my husband. This originated from no less a person than a *washerman* we had employed when we first came out of quarantine, and who had washed our clothes so badly, that I sent them, being unable to wear them, to be done over again by another person, telling the first, at the same time, I should only pay him half the sum. A few days ago he brought his bill, amounting to a few shillings, and refusing to take what we offered him, said he would not be paid at all, and so on. He waited, however, until he knew we had deposited our passage-money, and

then went to a lawyer, who issued the impediment. In order to remove it immediately, and not forfeit our passage, we were obliged to pay not only the bill, which the man had raised in the meantime to twice the original amount, but also for the two warrants. I am told that the Maltese are constantly playing these tricks upon travellers, and the wisest plan is not to dispute with them unless you have plenty of time before you.

At six o'clock my cousin came to fetch me in her caleche, and accompany us on board the Ercolano Neapolitan steamer. We passed along the wharf, a part of Valetta I had not seen before, and through the Marina gate, apparently of very ancient date. Here Captain Maxwell had ordered the government barge to be in waiting for us, and we all went on board together, just as the men-of-war riding in the harbour were firing the salute at sunset.

We took one of the airy cabins on deck, with which the Neapolitan steamers are provided, so preferable, in this hot climate, to all others.

CHAPTER IV.

Night—First View of Sicily—Harbour of Syracuse—Obelisk of Marcellus—Mount Etna—Landing—Neapolitan Soldiers—Prison—Inn—Kitchen—Breakfast—Drive—Market—Fortifications—Beautiful Country—Ruins of Amphitheatre—Aqueduct—Ear of Dionysius—Quarries—Theatre—Fine View—Mill—My Hosts—Nymphæum—Street of Tombs—Archimedes' Tomb—Tomb of Timoleon—Chilis—First Christian Church—Catacombs—Cathedral—Doric Pillar—Fountain of Arethusa—Modern Syracuse—American—Yankee Anecdote.

CHAPTER IV.

September 4th. — At nine o'clock last night we heard, for the last time, the guns fire, the bugles and drums playing and resounding upon the rock of Malta, while the hundred bells and clocks of Valetta were chiming their many-toned peals. Another hour elapsed but still we were at anchor, and all were comfortably asleep before the signal for departure was given.

This morning, on waking about day-break, I found we were skirting the fertile and mountainous shores of lovely Sicily; for lovely it is indeed, and seems formed only to realize the poet's dream and the painter's imagination. But the dark page of history tells us another tale, and one trembles to find that the bloody deeds of the tyrants of

Syracuse should have polluted so fair a spot, one of the brightest gems that decks the bosom of the world.

In about half an hour the Ercolano had cast anchor in the harbour of Syracuse; and how shall I describe the scene which greeted me upon coming on deck! To the left rose a low range of hills, varying, in the distance and in the shadowy light of sunrise, from gray to blue. In the front were numerous heights of varied forms, some clothed in the richest verdure, and others rising grotesque, bare, and craggy. A single pillar was seen in the distance, adding much to the beauty and interest; it is supposed to have been erected by Marcellus, after he had taken the city of Syracuse. Farther on, a cave, just distinguishable between the trees, was pointed out to me as the celebrated "Ear of Dionysius." Sepulchral rocks and vine-clad slopes lured the eye onwards, until it was irrevocably arrested by gigantic Etna rising singly in all its majesty, and filling the mind with astonishment and awe. Not a cloud shaded it from our view; every rock and curve was

distinguishable, while its peaked top was crowned with perpetual snow. The rich foliage and fertility clothing it nearly to that point, was clearly seen even at this distance; and one would almost have forgotten in the parent mountain, nourishing and embellishing its verdant offspring, the fierce and fiery volcano, which has destroyed, and may again destroy, all that is fair and fruitful within reach of its burning streams, had it not been for the faint column of white smoke gliding slowly from its snowy summit, until lost in the surrounding atmosphere.

As soon as I could withdraw my eyes from this fair and colossal destroyer, I turned to the right, where rose modern Syracuse, all that remains of the city of the tyrants, with its antique time-worn houses, and its strong and renovated fortifications, forming, with the two harbours, almost an island in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, now calm and unruffled as a mirror, looking as if placed there only to reflect the beauties that clothe its shores.

We lost no time in procuring a boat to

take us to the town to breakfast. We passed through two very handsome gates, and over a couple of drawbridges, guarded by Neapolitan soldiers, in an undress of blue cotton. Their discipline seems very different from ours, for the sentry was laughing and chatting with a crowd of other soldiers not upon duty, and did not appear at all discomposed by an officer who passed, merely intimating the knowledge of his presence by presenting arms, and then continuing his conversation with renewed ardour.

In our way to the inn we passed the prison. It was only divided from the street by a double row of wooden bars, through which the wretched inmates might be seen lying about in a dirty, miserable-looking inclosure. Most of them were busily employed in making baskets.

The appearance of the inn, as we approached it through a narrow by-street, certainly did not promise much to hungry seafaring travellers, and the time we had to wait for our breakfast was rather tantalising. I paid sundry visits to the kitchen, adjoining

the dining-room, to see how things were progressing, and found it a very curious looking place. The whole kitchen range, of no inconsiderable extent, was covered with a mosaic of inlaid tile of various colours, and had, together with the savoury viands smoking from every part of it, a very gay effect, heightened by the picturesque costumes and attitudes of the culinary *artistes* in attendance. All the herbs necessary for cooking, such as mint, and thyme, were growing in a small artificial garden, covered in with glass, and adjoining the kitchen, although on the second story. This was an original refinement of luxury that I little expected to see in this poor inn, of a comparatively unfrequented place.

In another of my peregrinations I found a pair of the largest ox-horns we had ever met with, they were at least four feet long, and very prettily polished and mounted. The oxen of Sicily, I should think, are the biggest in the world; they far surpass those of Abyssinia, which appeared to me gigantic.

At length the breakfast arrived, and

proved tolerably good; the tea was really excellent. As soon as it was over, we got into a carriage, apparently almost the only one in Syracuse, and accompanied by two gentlemen, our fellow-passengers, the one an Englishman, and the other, I afterwards found, an American, who shared it with us, proceeded to view all that this most interesting city and its environs have to shew. And in as far as there was no dearth of amusement or interest, I never spent a more satisfactory morning; or a more *un*satisfactory one, from the fact, that all we saw required to be revisited, and examined much more minutely than our time would allow of.

We rattled through the ill-paved streets, passing the market, where an abundance of the finest pears, figs, grapes, and melons, were exposed for sale; but at least half the stalls were filled with large onions, of which there must be an immense consumption; indeed, all the lower classes, both in Sicily and Malta, are so strongly impregnated with the odour of onions and garlick, as to be almost unapproachable.

The fortifications on the land side are very extensive: there are walls within walls several times over, and we must have passed as many as five draw-bridges over fosses filled with water; in fact, the town is rendered a perfect island.

On issuing from these, we first directed our steps to the Amphitheatre, about two miles off. In our way, we passed a single marble column of great beauty; it was erect, but had lost its capital. Three pedestals, similar to its own, were near it, planted at equal distances, while farther off was another, sunk deep into the earth, that had been dug away to display it. These pillars are of the ancient Doric order, and are supposed to be the remains of the Pretaneo, or Forum. We were told by the guide it was the Temple of Ceres; but this appears to be an error. In the Pretaneo was found the statue of Sappho, sculptured by Marco Sillamone.

The road wound through the most luxuriant country I ever beheld. The earth seemed to yield her fruits spontaneously.

Vineyards loaded with their purple clusters, and hedged round by prickly pears of the finest and richest growth, stretched far and wide; while fig and mulberry-trees of the largest size, appeared often as if not content with their own luxuriant fruit, but afforded a support of some forty feet high to climbing vines whose luscious and clustering bunches almost hid from view the tree that had raised them from the dust.

I have often read of scenes like these, but I have never really believed in their existence until now. I only attempt to describe the least part of what I saw, for all these fair productions of Nature were thrown comparatively into the shade by the glorious groves of pomegranates, which, overhanging the vine-clad walls, displayed their scarlet and golden fruit from between their dark green leaves. I never beheld any thing so beautiful or so luxuriant. Nothing seemed blighted, all appeared to breathe out a perfume of love and joy. Unlike the regions of the torrid zone, the sun shines down with a benignant warmth, cherishing

without destroying elasticity and life; while the soft, fresh breezes of the Mediterranean gently fan this favoured clime and its beauteous children. I could dwell for ever on this gorgeous scene, where Nature, in her richest garb, appears to have exhausted all her treasures; but I must hasten on to the works of man, its former masters, who, almost nameless and unknown, have long since become a portion of its soil.

We followed a road which ran at a considerable distance round the windings of the bay, on our left, while on the right rose a range of large craggy rocks, every where perforated for sepulchres. At length we stopped, descended from the carriage, and in a few minutes found ourselves upon the bank of the Amphitheatre. It is one of the most perfect in existence.* The gradations of seats are almost unbroken, and occupy an immense arena cut out of the solid rock. The two principal entrances immediately face

* "The semi-diameters of this edifice are 134 English feet by 83 feet; and the wall of the Podium is about 8 feet 6 inches in height."—*Starke.*

each other, and are in a high state of preservation: the steps of the one we descended are almost entire. Each terminates by an elegant and finely proportioned arch, displaying a lovely vista; the farthest of these, however, is now a beautiful ruin, as a great deal of the masonry has given way, and it is shattered on one side.

From these entrances, and under every tier of seats, an arched passage branches off to the right and left; these served as lobbies, and gave egress to different parts of the amphitheatre. In the centre of the arena is a large stone reservoir, supplied with water by an underground aqueduct, still nearly perfect, entering beneath the ruined arch. This arrangement was intended for the naval combats, as by this means they could fill the whole stage with water. Every thing seemed so exact and so easily comprehended, that but a slight stretch of the imagination was required to people this noble structure, and while looking at it I could almost fancy I saw the senate of ancient Syracuse, seated in their pomp of state, to

view the classic combats; the judges awarding the prizes; and higher up, the happy and gratified populace.

We were next shewn the passage by which the gladiators entered the arena. Near this was a deep excavation, supposed to have been the prison for the wild beasts; at all events, it was evidently intended for some important purpose, as the masonry round it is very solid.

I was quite enchanted with this ruin; certainly one of the most interesting and satisfactory antiquities I have seen. The caper, and many other pretty creepers and wild flowers, now clothe the walls deserted by man. In many places, particularly in the vaulted passages, the water and damp have formed into stalactites over the solid masonry. I should imagine this to be an uncommon occurrence. I purchased, upon the spot, a few vases and coins lately dug up; amongst other things, a beautiful little antique head.

Leaving the amphitheatre, our road ran close to the remains of an extensive aqueduct that skirted us for some distance on the left,

and we traced the continuance of its remains over the rocks to the right; it at length crossed our path, one arch embracing the road. It was, perhaps, of more modern date than the amphitheatre, but still very ancient, and its time-worn and creeper-covered bricks, together with its noble arches, unusually large, contributed much to the beauty of the scene. The one I mentioned across the road, formed a suitable and most becoming frame to the exquisite landscape it opened to our view.

Once again we were on foot, and following a narrow path flanked by gigantic and naked rocks of the most grotesque form, but bearing in many parts evident traces of human labour. At length we reached an open space, and beheld immediately in front of us, the extraordinary cavern known by the name of Dionysius' Ear. The earliest historians confirm us in the belief that it was constructed by the tyrant of that name, and used by him as a state prison, which, from its peculiar formation, conveyed faithfully every whisper breathed within its walls to the small chamber above, where the despot was accustomed

to secrete himself, and regulate his bloody schemes accordingly. Both the exterior entrance and the interior construction resemble exactly the formation of the human ear.

This immense work appears to have been originated by Nature, and completed by art. The entrance is about seventeen feet wide and fifty-eight feet high, the sides slope gradually to the summit, terminating in a narrow channel that conveyed every sound in the cave to the small apartment above, which is still to be seen. A secret passage is supposed formerly to have communicated with this from the tyrant's palace, and another from the theatre. But the only access to it now is by the disagreeable process of being swung up in a basket; however, as none of our party were anxious to make the experiment, we contented ourselves with looking at the small square aperture from below, and then exploring the interior of the prison itself, which winds, as I have before said, like the orifice of the ear. I traced the narrow channel to the farther extremity, where it is terminated by a hole running up

like a chimney. The height of the cave is the same throughout.

In one part is a singular recess, said to have been the seat of a secret tribunal. The echo is so great, that the slightest sound or whisper resounds from one end to the other, with a startling distinctness; and when a musket was fired at the entrance, it reverberated loud and stunning like a peal of artillery, the report lasting ten seconds.*

Several gold coins in fine preservation, and said to have been found in the vicinity, were offered to us for sale, but I did not become a purchaser.

The rocks in the neighbourhood were of a gigantic height, grotesque and rugged in the extreme; in many parts they appeared to have been pierced for cinary urns.

From Dionysius' Ear we proceeded to explore the remainder of the extraordinary quarries or caverns of which it forms a part. They are all supposed to have been used as prisons, and it was in them that thousands of

* It has been supposed that this wonderful cavern owes its construction to Archimedes.

Athenians were thrown after their unfortunate defeat under Nicias and Demosthenes. On the sides, in many parts, are the remains of illegible inscriptions: might they not have been traced by a Sophocles or a Euripides? These quarries supplied the materials for building the ancient city, and the large and singularly shaped columns abounding in them, must have been left by the workmen to support the granite and marble rocks they had undermined. In their present state they consist of vast irregular chambers, enclosed on all sides, except at the entrance, by rows of rugged and pointed pillars, covered with a robust and splendid vegetation.

That part called the Quarry of the Rope-makers, from the manufacture now carried on there, is very extraordinary, both in its size and formation: the rock looks as fresh as if it had only just been worked. Another serves as an habitation for the labourers employed in burning for saltpetre. I just entered it, but was almost suffocated by the smell, while the lurid flames, dimly glowing through the thick columns of smoke, cast

a flickering light over the swarthy faces around, giving them an almost inhuman aspect, and making the whole scene worthy of the caves of Endor.

Once more immerging into the warm sunshine, and scarcely giving ourselves time to admire the surpassing beauty that surrounded us, where fig, olive, and pomegranate were vying with each other in inconceivable luxuriance, and gorgeous butterflies were flitting amongst their branches, we took the path leading to the theatre, situated amongst the rocks above the quarries.

The size of this majestic edifice, in a great measure hewn out of the solid rock, cannot be beheld without admiration, placed as it is in one of the most magnificent situations in the world. The ancients were always peculiarly happy in choosing the site of their edifices. The theatre of Syracuse is certainly an illustration of this, for the view from its seats is unrivalled. The whole city, upon the island of Ortygia, rising in the midst of its two harbours; the fine and verdant hills that skirt the bay; the intervening land

clothed with orchards of every hue; the fair Mediterranean beyond and Mount Etna at home;—all these are embraced in one *coup-d'œil* of admiration.

But to return to the theatre itself, one of the largest in the world, and considered the most ancient in existence. Its diameter is 116 feet, and it exceeds a semicircle by 27 feet 4 inches. It is impossible to say how many tiers of seats formerly existed, as the stage, and probably several of the circles, are filled up with cultivated soil; but all that does remain is in a surprising state of preservation, and attests the former magnificence of the edifice. Three portions, probably assigned to the different grades of rank of the spectators, are divided by a corridor wide enough to admit the passage of a chariot; there are two of these nearly entire. The seats they separate are eight tiers deep. In many parts chiselled lines are distinguishable, marking the extent of each separate place, and behind every row is a division for the feet of the persons above.

But the singular part in the formation of this theatre is, that the steps, or seats, become shallower as they approach the highest part, until they are only half the depth of those near the stage.

Two Greek inscriptions have been found at different times within the precincts of this theatre, but they do not appear to have thrown much light upon the particulars of its erection, generally supposed to have been in the earliest ages of Syracuse. An immense quantity of water must have been diverted to its use, if we may judge from the volumes conveyed by an ancient aqueduct in its vicinity, added to an abundant rivulet, that now turns two mills above, and one in the theatre itself; the latter is planted so as to intercept its course as it dashes in silvery cascades from tier to tier.

To this mill, perched amongst the seats of ancient grandeur, now serving as paths for the neighbouring flocks, I took my way, and craved a resting-place under its shadow, while the gentlemen climbed the higher

banks to visit the Nymphæum above. Seated at the door of the humble dwelling, and surrounded by sacks of flour, I looked with delight at the enchanting scene before me, where indigence and pastoral labour had usurped the ground consecrated two thousand years ago to luxury and power; where the ear of ancient civilisation was charmed into forgetfulness by the soft strains of the skilful musician, or kindled into valour and enterprise by the inspiring accents of some classic poet. Those sounds are for ever hushed, the song of the nightingale is the only music, and the murmuring of the waters the only poem that will henceforth resound in these fairy precincts. But who would wish for any other?—for what else could harmonise so deliciously with the feeling inspired in every sensitive mind while contemplating these beautiful and massive remains of bygone generations?

Although a gentle melancholy is excited by the contemplation of these ruins, there is nothing sombre in their appearance; none

of that awe and chilliness comes over one while beholding them experienced amongst the arched and vaulted remains of Gothic grandeur; and the reason is obvious: the blue sky and cheerful sunshine, which no time can change, glows above, and beneath their mild aspect friendly nature has filled up the gaps and ornamented the face of failing art, making the whole scene inexpressibly beautiful.

The Syracusans shewed their taste in erecting no roof to their theatre, contenting themselves with a simple awning as a shade from the sun. The remains of the holes for the staves that supported this are still visible.

I was not long allowed to indulge uninterrupted in the contemplation of this singular scene and the magic view beyond, which no pencil, no words can convey to the imagination; for my humble hosts gathered round me, all chattering at the highest pitch of their voices. Their party consisted of three women and one man. The mill was stopped, and so were their various occupa-

tions, to satisfy the curiosity I excited. They examined all I had on; my watch, chain, and rings, seemed to please them greatly: but what appeared most to astonish them was a miniature I wore of my father. They assailed me with such a number of questions, in such extraordinary sounding Italian, that it was with difficulty I could understand them, and when some neighbours came in they made me shew my trinkets all over again.

One of the women was very handsome; and all were remarkable for their white and even teeth.

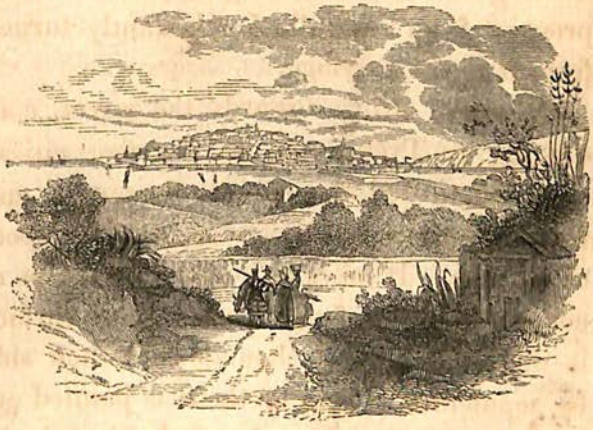
At length I was rejoined by my friends, and I bade farewell to my pastoral entertainers. G. tells me that the view from the point they climbed up to was even more magnificent than the one I had seen, as from the greater elevation it was more extensive. Here was the Nymphæum, a fountain gushing out from the solid rock, the source of the crystal stream I have spoken so much of. It is supposed that this was the spot where the names were inscribed of those persons who gained the prize for music in the

theatre, and where the tripod of Apollo was placed. A few washerwomen were the only visible nymphs now haunting the fountain. Casting one more lingering look at the lovely prospect from the mill, I reluctantly turned from it to the carriage.

We next drove towards the street conducting to Tycha, one of the five cities* that constituted the ancient Syracuse: and is now known by the name of the Street of Tombs. It takes its way amidst heaps of confused masses of rock, out of whose surface it was hewn, and is bounded on each side by sepulchres. One of these is pointed out as the tomb of Archimedes, and although the most credulous cannot but feel sceptical upon the subject, yet the name attached to it, however fabulously, adds to the interest with which it is contemplated, and heightens the admiration bestowed upon the beautiful Doric column and architrave at its entrance, sculptured out of the native rock. In the interior

* The five cities were—"The Island of Ortygia" (the modern town); "Epipolæ;" "Acradina;" "Tycha;" and "Neapolis."

are several cavities and niches for cinerary urns. From this spot a fine view of the city is obtained.



Not far off is shewn the last resting-place of Timoleon, the conqueror of the cruel tyrant Dionysius the Younger. The mere fact of treading the very ground where these celebrated characters of antiquity lived and died is in itself so gratifying, that one is ready to forgive the small impositions practised upon one's credulity as to the identical sites of their sepulture.

The *coup d'œil* of this Street of Tombs is

singular in the highest degree. The ground, so fertile every where else, is here sterile and barren, only affording nourishment to a few wild herbs and thistles, and a beautiful blue flower I have never previously met with. Large fragments of rocks, interspersed with tombs, lay scattered in wild confusion; the latter bearing here and there the remains of a Doric column or pedestal: but no inscriptions are to be found. I climbed up to one upon a high rock above the rest; it appeared unusually magnificent.

Beyond the sepulchres to the right and left of the road were several square blocks of various sizes, hewn out of the rock, and arranged without any order. It is not known what they could have been intended for, as no traces of letters have been found upon them; nor could they have been meant to ornament the street, for there appears no design or symmetry in their arrangement. Farther on are some large heaps of stones, supposed to have formed part of the ancient city walls.

Turning from this scene of desolation we again descended into the fertile plain below,

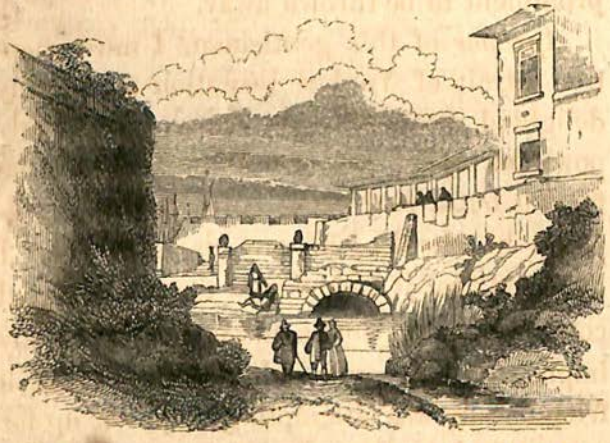
and drove towards the first Christian church in Sicily; it is dedicated to St. John. In our way I remarked some extensive fields of chili, growing in great luxuriance.

The exterior of the church is now white-washed, but several Grecian fragments and pillars are built into the walls. Excepting a rose window, there is nothing remarkable in the interior. I did not accompany the gentlemen into the crypt, from whence there is an entrance to the catacombs, the resort of the early Christians.

We now drove back to the town, and proceeded up the principal street to the Cathedral, which faces a large, handsome, open square. The front is modern, but it is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Temple of Minerva. It was converted into a church in the twelfth century. Thirty-four magnificent Doric columns are still standing; I observed eleven of these built into the side wall; they are raised on a platform, and without bases: the shafts are about twenty-five feet high, and the capitals three feet.

Passing by the Capuchin Convent, a hand-

some and venerable-looking building, we arrived at the celebrated "Fountain of Arethusa," of which all the poets have sung, and every historian has praised the excellence: according to Strabo and Diodorus, it was so abundant as to contain fish of the largest size, and, above all, was honoured as the protecting Nymph of Syracuse.* It is now reduced to a common washing-pool, and the stream that formerly received divine honours is used to cleanse the dirty linen of the Syracusans.



* Arethusa, one of the Sicilides, is fabled to have been transformed into a fountain by Diana, while flying from the pursuit of Alpheus.

There is nothing very striking in the modern city; the streets are regular, but look thinly inhabited. I remarked several handsome balconies, and many ruined pillars and archways built into the walls of the houses.

It was now time for us to re-embark, so, seating ourselves in a boat, we waited until our American friend had settled the expenses, which it was agreed he should manage, although he did not speak a word of Italian; but his talents for bargaining were far too prominent to be thrown away.

Apropos of this gentleman, I must mention a trait of Yankee invention that quite delighted me. The sun being exceedingly powerful, and I having nothing to shade me from it but a very small parasol, it was proposed he should lend me his umbrella. I observed that it looked in a very dilapidated condition, but of course said nothing; and my impression was confirmed when our English friend, who was attempting to put it up for me, turned to the other and said, "I cannot manage it."—"Hold it up so that it may

catch the air, and then give it a sudden jerk," said the American. This process was successful, and once up, I took no further notice of it, until upon closing it sometime afterwards, it all fell disjointed again, every whalebone hanging out loose as if broken. The Englishman called my attention to it, by saying,— "You hold in your hand one of the most curious things, perhaps, you have seen to-day."— "A broken umbrella?" said I, laughing.— "Far from being broken," answered he, "it is one of the last inventions of New York; its apparently mutilated state is only counterfeit, and intended for its own preservation, or rather that of its owner, who has never lost an umbrella since he bought it: for put it down where he will, either in ship, club, or coach, no one would think it worth their while to take such a useless-looking thing."—"Is it not a capital idea?" said the American; "it has saved me many a dollar."

CHAPTER V.

Agosta—Catania—Harbour—Mount Etna—Fête of St. Antonio—Landing—Quay—Street—Drive—Museum—Costume of Women—Promenade—Flowers—Races—Town—Lava—Aqueduct, &c.—Antiquities—Gay Scene—Toilette—Cathedral—Elephant Obelisk—Theatre—Dinner—Specimens of Lava and Amber—Fête—Messina from the Sea—Marina—Hotel Vittoria—Town—Churches—Market—Cattle—Harbour—Passengers—Coast of Sicily—Impressions—Calabria—Faro of Messina—Reggio Charybdis—Straits—Scylla—Lipari Isles—Stromboli—Three Volcanoes—Tropea—Gulf of St. Euphemia—Pizzo—Murat—Dinner—Evening.

CHAPTER V.

We were soon steaming away at a rapid pace, and had left fair Syracuse in the distance. We kept very near the shore—which looked lovely from the sea; in a few hours we passed Agosta, a pretty little town and harbour. As we approached nearer to its foot, Etna, in its colossal beauty, appeared to dilate before us, towering like a giant towards the sky. Traces of lava became more and more frequent, until the whole plain appeared more or less encrusted with it; vegetation, nevertheless, did not, except near the more recent layers, seem at all impeded.

At length, about four o'clock, we cast anchor in the roadstead of Catania, formed, in a great measure, by an immense stream of

lava rocks, running in a line from the town far into the sea. The effect is surprisingly singular and beautiful; the bank of jet black cinder, curving round the right of the bay, and confining the view on that side by its fearful height and thickness, looking as fresh and recent as when, during the eruption of 1669, it first ran boiling and hissing into the water, leads the eye onwards until it rests on the adjoining magnificent mole, formed of the same material and at the same period when the ancient city was entirely destroyed. But Catania, like Portici, has risen, century after century, over its own volcanic ruins; although it knows the destiny that awaits it, and the voice of warning calls from the subterranean remains of its former self, it listens with a happy indifference, and allows the terrible sounds to be hushed by the soothing murmur of the bright blue sea that bathes it.

But the aspect of these enchanting regions accounts for the carelessness of its inhabitants. As soon as Nature has ceased to destroy, she becomes so beautiful, so laughing, and effaces so shortly almost all traces of her

former rigour, that she imperceptibly allures forgetfulness. Nothing can be more enchanting than these plains of Catania; this land of fire is carpeted with the richest fertility, differing from any other, for it charms the sight as much as it administers to the luxury of man. On whichever side one turns, new beauties arise, and it escapes, by the variety of its scenery, and the diversity of its forms, the monotony of sublimity too often repeated: in one word, it combines all the elements of loveliness, sea, woods, plains, mountain—and that mountain is Etna.

The appearance of the town from the sea is very striking; it looks as if almost buried in the lava that surrounds it, while the domes and spires of its numerous churches rise towering from the midst. The view is bounded by verdant mountains, linked to the sea by lovely plains of vine, corn, orange, and olive; while towering behind the city, or rather rising from the very waters, for the city climbs its base, stands gigantic Etna, in all its beauty and magnificence, its snowy peak gilded by the sun, while groves of chest-

nut-trees form a verdant girdle around its centre.

I was quite riveted to the deck with admiration of this unrivalled scene. When we cast anchor, the sun was getting rather low in the horizon, throwing the deepest and most effective shadows around, relieved by brilliant lights, while the bright blue of the Mediterranean was variegated into a tint of transparent green, that ran in a sloping line towards the land, and embraced the harbour in the same hue, producing a most singular effect.

It was Sunday, and the Fête of St. Antonio, and hundreds of boats full of gaily dressed people were plying in every direction. The Ercolano was soon so surrounded by boatmen quarrelling who should convey the passengers on shore, that it was a difficult task to succeed in seating one's self safely in any of their boats. At length, however, we landed on the quay, which presented the most lively and bustling scene imaginable. It appears that we had happened to visit Catania on one of its greatest gala days; the

inhabitants were all in their holyday costume, and seemed hurrying on, bent upon amusement. Flags were flying on all sides, extensive scaffoldings and preparations for fire-works and illuminations were going forward, and a gilt altar, profusely ornamented, was raised in a conspicuous part of the quay.

Numerous public games were exhibiting, amongst others, a small jousta, similar to the one we saw at Malta. Making our way through this happy and merry throng, we took our road to the hotel, where it was agreed that we should dine, our party consisting of our two acquaintances of the morning, an English gentleman and his Spanish wife, and ourselves. As no sitting-room was to be had, we were obliged to turn a bed-room into our *salle à manger.*

The preliminaries of ordering the dinner being arranged, it was proposed that we should sally out, and see what we could of the town during the three intervening hours. Accordingly, a convenient open carriage was procured, and we first drove to the museum of the Principe Biscari, a wealthy and en-

lightened nobleman, a native of Catania. It is considered one of the best in Italy, and although we were hurried through it, and had not time to note many of the unique objects it contains, I never was more gratified with the sight of any collection than with this. Every object was well and clearly arranged, the apartments were good, and the light well thrown. A court-yard in the centre contained an obelisk and some larger specimens of sculpture. The collection of bronzes was very fine, and that of the vases of Sicilian pottery interested me particularly; for they were almost all found in the neighbourhood of Catania; many of them were of an immense size and elegantly formed.

Amongst the statues I remarked the fragment of a beautiful figure, supposed to have been a Bacchus; it was found in the ruins of the Forum, and is considered a very fine specimen of Grecian sculpture: also an exquisite figure of a child sleeping upon a cushion, carved in lava; and several magnificent antique heads and bassi relievi of the same material. I also admired some fine figures in mosaic.

The great interest of this museum is, that it consists almost entirely of objects found upon the spot, illustrating the ancient and modern history of the city in which it stands. The walls of many of the apartments were inlaid with antique inscriptions.

The collection of ancient coins and medals is one of the most perfect in the world, and the display of shells and other branches of natural history is very much admired.

From the museum we drove through the centre of the town, towards the street that commences the ascent of the mountain. I had no idea it was so large and extensive a place; the houses, or rather the palaces (for exteriorly, at least, they deserve to be so named), are regularly and very handsomely built; the streets are wide and spacious, and give one more the idea of those of some great capital than of a provincial town.

After we had driven about a mile, we commenced a steep ascent up the side of Etna. Here was the great rendezvous of the fête, whither the light-hearted inhabitants had been flocking. A triumphal arch

of evergreens was erected, as well as great preparations for fire-works. I scarcely ever beheld such a throng of people; for they formed one unbroken mass for at least a mile, and their gay costumes added animation to the scene.

The ordinary dress of the Sicilian women is very picturesque; it consists of a long black silk cloak, covering the head and reaching almost to the feet: its effect is something similar to the faldette of the Maltese, but it is much more ample, concealing almost the whole figure, and, instead of being fulled at the end, the gathers are placed on one side of the waist, giving rather a coquettish effect. But to-day, although many appeared in this dress, the majority were enveloped in silk shawls of dazzling colours, such as green, red, but chiefly of the brightest orange; these were thrown over their heads, but did not hang low enough to conceal the smart petticoats beneath. At a little distance they looked almost like a bed of tulips, and they lost nothing by being surveyed more minutely; for many of them were very handsome, and

almost all were tall and of commanding figures.

Passing at a foot's pace through this happy multitude we continued our road, being anxious to see as much as possible of the mountain. The limits of the town are terminated in a handsome circular promenade, shaded with fine trees, and commanding, from the rocky acclivity on which it is formed, the most enchanting *coup d'œil* that can be imagined; the mountain above, the beautiful lava-girt and sea-washed town below, hill and dale, groves and villages, spread around in delightful and harmonising contrast, which no pen can describe or pencil portray.

The road from hence became more steep and rocky, but still we persevered, although some gathering clouds had obscured the mountain-top. Wild flowers of many kinds were growing around; I observed, amongst others, profusions of heliotrope, and some magnificent lilies. G. succeeded in digging up a few of their immense bulbous roots;

the flower-stalks were from four to six feet high.

At last the carriage came to a stand-still, and the coachman refused to drive us any farther, as the ascent was too steep for his horses. We were just meditating whether to compel him to proceed or not, when the loud shouts of the multitude below attracted our attention; we inquired the cause, and heard that some races were going forward. This decided us, and we agreed to return and see the sport, instead of pursuing our road up the mountain, which, from the lateness of the hour and the lowness of the clouds, did not promise any satisfactory result.

We were not long in rejoining the merry throng, and took up our station near the promenade I mentioned before. The first heat being just over, we had to wait some time before the second began. It was quite extraordinary to see the good order and good humour that prevailed amongst the thickly crowded populace; there was neither confusion nor quarrelling.

At length we saw, by the opening of the crowd at the bottom of the street near the triumphal arch, that the horses had started, and we soon perceived them coming up. They were four in number, and without riders, the whip and spur being replaced by a number of gunpowder crackers tied to the tail and mane and round the body; these going off from time to time frightened the animals on at redoubled speed. They came kicking and prancing up, much to the delight of the people and to my terror. Men were stationed at certain distances upon each side the road to keep the horses in the proper track. The winning-post was just above us. Our curiosity satisfied, we drove off to see something more of the town. Traces of the terrible eruptions and the earthquakes, of so frequent occurrence in this city, placed, as it were, upon the brink of eternity, are every where visible. The streets, the soil, the walls, and the houses, are all composed of lava; the ruins of the former town are of the same material, and the streams that ran through its very centre are distinctly traced.

In many places the shattered remains of antiquity raise their rugged forms amidst the uniform rows of modern building. I was particularly struck with the beautiful ruins of an aqueduct, an arch of which was every now and then to be seen rearing its head above the wreck of its fellows. In the same direction we saw vestiges of one of the two theatres that adorned ancient Catania; it was supposed to be of Grecian construction. In another part were the remains of the Temple of Ceres. In short, the whole plain towards the mountain was scattered with interesting relics of former ages, which I should have delighted in exploring, but was only tantalised by catching a passing view of them.

As we returned into the principal streets of the town we met crowds of handsome equipages, filled with ladies in full dress; that is to say, with short sleeves, long gloves, and low gowns. Some wore bonnets, and some not; but all looked *en toilette de bal.* It appeared, however, that they were only driving up and down to enjoy the beauty of the evening, and to see and be seen. Gentle-

men, *en grande parure*, were riding or lolling in elegant carriages lined with silk. The balconies of the palace-like houses were also filled with ladies, bowing and laughing to the fashionable carriage-crowd in the street, that moved at a foot's pace. I was quite surprised, and unable to account for this display of wealth, in what I imagined to be a mere provincial town. I never saw more dressy carriages, or a greater appearance of that ease which characterises good society, than in the pretty throng I have described.

We followed the train, and passed through the Piazza del Duomo. The cathedral is the largest in Sicily, and its front is ornamented with six granite columns, taken from the ancient theatre. I did not visit the interior.

In the centre of the square is an obelisk, composed of red Egyptian granite, supported upon the back of an elephant of Etna lava. Both the figure and the column are antique.

The fashionable drive continued from the Piazza up another long, handsome street, terminated by an archway. About the centre of it are the ruins of the great theatre,

considered larger than that of Marcellus at Rome. It is supposed to be Grecian, but is almost hidden by a number of modern houses built over it.

The evening closed in before we had time to visit the amphitheatre, and we returned to the hôtel to dinner, which was very well served, and every thing excellent of its kind. The fruits of Etna are proverbial for their size and flavour, and the wine of Catania is esteemed the best in Sicily: that which we tasted was red, and very strong; it is thought to resemble Cyprus wine.

After dinner, a man brought some beautiful specimens of polished lava for sale; there are not so many varieties of colour in that of Etna as of Vesuvius. We were also shewn several fine pieces of amber, great quantities of which are found in the neighbourhood.

At about nine o'clock G. and I returned to the vessel, leaving our friends to prolong their stroll through the illuminated streets; those we traversed were perfectly dazzling; and the whole of the inhabitants appeared to be abroad, so crowded was every thoroughfare.

Approaching the quay, the blaze of light became redoubled. The gilded altar we had seen by day-light was now illuminated by thousands of tapers, rendering it almost too brilliant to look at. A band of music was playing close by; numbers of carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, were drawn up in line, to witness the fireworks, and the intervening space was occupied by the happy peasantry. As we rowed away from the shore, it appeared almost as if we were gliding into chaos, so black and dark looked the waters, compared with the dazzling scene we had just left. But, although the moon had not yet risen, the night was lovely, and the soft perfumed breezes, wafted over lemon and orange groves, made me feel as if in the precincts of fairy-land. This illusion was increased by the lighted crescent of the town, glittering like diamonds in the distance, the soft strains of music swelling and sinking on the ear, and every now and then the meteor-like blaze of the fireworks shooting high into the air. I could have gazed long upon this

scene, but we had reached the steamer, and, tired with the day's exertions, I was obliged to retire to my cabin.

September 5th.—My eyes closed last night upon Catania, slumbering, or rather sparkling, at the foot of colossal Etna; this morning they opened upon the lovely basin of Messina, hemmed in by a low range of verdant mountains, and formed, according to the poetry of pagan mythology, by the scythe of Saturn, when he dropped it from the sky.

But, before I begin describing, I must mention how much our equanimity was disturbed, when, on coming upon deck, just after a heavy shower, which had ushered in the morning, we were told that not only we must go on shore before we could get any breakfast, but that we should not be allowed to sleep on board to-night, as the ship was not going to start till to-morrow morning. This appeared very like playing into the hands of the innkeepers. At all events, these vessels generally manage to arrive just in time to breakfast and dine on shore. In

fine weather this is all very well, but when wet, it is exceedingly disagreeable.

All our fellow-passengers had landed before us; but, just as we were stepping into a boat, we received a note from our American friend, to say that he had secured some rooms for us at the Hôtel Victoria. This restored our good humour, and the weather having cleared up, and it appearing now quite fine, I was able to look around me and admire, and really judging from what I have seen of Sicily, one has room for no other sentiment while viewing her lovely shores, replete as they are with beauty in every variety of shade.

Messina certainly differs from all other places I have seen, and its *tout ensemble* appears almost unique, both in form and feature. Its situation and its port can be compared to none. It seems as if Nature had wished to prove to Art, that the work of her hands is infinitely more perfect and more majestic than any thing that can be produced by human science or labour. An arm of earth and sand stretches towards the

sea, in the form of a semicircle, embracing the best and finest harbour in the world, in which more than a thousand vessels may remain, secure from every wind, and in every season.

From the sea the town looks exceedingly handsome and imposing. The houses skirting the Marina, amongst others a small palace belonging to the king, are regular and well built; and rising immediately behind them is a semicircle of the most verdant and sunny hills that can be imagined. The Faro, sweeping round from the right, encloses the harbour on that side, and a blue line of waters, visible across its sandy belt, forms the straits which divide Sicily from the magnificent coast of Calabria, towering in unrivalled beauty, enclosing the view in that direction, and making the harbour of Messina appear like an inland sea. A small fort in the centre of the bay is appropriated to a lazaretto.

We first rowed to the custom-house, where our few packages were examined, and from thence to the Marina, where we landed, and

proceeded to the hôtel to breakfast. We found it exceedingly comfortable, and well arranged. One side faces the Marina and the lovely shores of Calabria, and the other looks into one of the principal streets of Messina. The houses are in general low, and the streets wide. The whole town is modern, as the ancient city was completely destroyed in the earthquake of 1783, and the consequence is, that it presents scarcely any thing worthy of note, excepting its magnificent situation and its beautiful scenery. I was too unwell to leave the house. G., however, went out, and visited several of the churches, of which there are a great number, but almost all of an inferior description.

September 6th.— As soon as breakfast was over we hurried off to the steamer. In our way we passed the market; it was well supplied with the finest fruit and vegetables of all sorts. Numbers of the magnificent bullocks of the country, generally speaking, of a pearl-white colour, were standing on the quay, harnessed to their loads.

We were on board nearly an hour before

we started, and I had ample leisure, while sitting under the awning upon deck, to impress on my memory the lovely panorama around me, where cypress, chestnut, olive, and orange-clothed mountains threw their shadows over the dark-blue sea; and the harbour filled with vessels, whose white sails were swelling in the breeze.

The day was splendid, and the water as smooth and brilliant as a mirror; this was very fortunate, for more reasons than one. The Ercolano's passengers had increased from about one to four hundred, men, women, and children, bound to the great fête that annually takes place at Naples on the 8th of September; they were very smartly and gaily dressed, most of the women without bonnets, and all were laughing and chatting merrily. A few lurches of the vessel would assuredly have changed the scene, and made it unbearable. As it was, there was scarcely room to sit down upon deck, and the ship seemed quite sunk in the water with the weight. I congratulated myself upon having a private cabin, for our poor Spanish friend,

whose berth was in that appropriated to the ladies, was obliged to share it with all the fair denizens of Messina, who, although many were very pretty, were all equally dirty in their habits.

At length we were under way, and gliding out of the harbour, for no motion was perceptible, so smooth was the sea; and I only knew we were *en route* by watching the retiring spires of Messina, and the sunny scenery of Sicily, enamelled with the richest hues, passing with magic lantern-like dreaminess before my eyes. Smiling villages peeping from the midst of luxuriant vineyards climbing the sides of the wooded hills, churches and towers raising their heads above the forest-tipped mountains, the perfume from the groves of orange, lemon, and citron, wafted towards us by the faint sea-breeze, made me feel almost as if breathing poetry.

I could have gazed on this scene for ever; but my eyes and attention were called away to the other side of the vessel, where towered the lofty and magnificent coast of Calabria,

whose beauty is of so elevated and majestic a character as to mingle awe with admiration. Precipices of the most enchanting verdure rise straight from the sea, and the only means of reaching their summits appears to be by following the track of the mountain torrents, which have worn themselves a silvery path amongst the self-sown forests. And this is the land of the luxuriant Sybarites! Certainly there could not be a region more calculated to lull all care and labour into forgetfulness than this, where Nature herself seems called into being, and dressed in her most gorgeous apparel, without any other effort than that of basking and expanding herself under the sunny climate and zephyr-like breezes that constantly surround her.

We were now passing the Faro of Messina, the Bosphorus of Italy. Reggio was in the distance, sleeping at the foot of the wooded craters of Calabria, reposing in the midst of pomegranate groves, her head sheltered by vine-trellises and orange-trees from the blue and cloudless sky above her, and watered by a sea of the clearest azure, divid-

ing her from fair Messina. On the point of the Faro is a ruined tower, and close by the fabled Charybdis, whose whirlpool was so much dreaded by the ancients. The captain pointed out its vortex to me, and I could distinctly distinguish the circle on the face of the calm waters around. It is formed by the meeting of two currents, the one running constantly from the north and the other from the south. The Straits in this part are little more than twelve miles in width; the coasts appear as if they had formerly joined, and had been rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature.

On the shores of Calabria is Scylla, the twin-sister of Charybdis. The town and castle to which it has lent its name are built on some projecting rocks, that seem to have been torn from a chasm in the mountains which rise behind. Jutting out into the already narrow passage of the sea, its rocky promontory forms an additional obstacle, that, in stormy weather, makes the waters rage and swell, almost embodying the fabled whirlpools of the ancients.

I never saw so sublime a spectacle as the passage of these magnificent Straits. The immense height of the hills made the proximity of the coasts appear greater than it really was, and the deep shadows they threw upon the water added solemnity to the scene. At a little distance they really appeared almost too narrow for the ship to pass.

Beauty succeeded beauty so quickly that I could really scarcely note what I saw. At length we bade adieu to Sicily and Etna, which overshadows the island from whence it rises. The Lipari Islands, blue in the distance, now scattered the sea on our left, while on the right still rose the Calabrian highlands, vieing with each other in loveliness. Every here and there a sweet village rested on the very brink of a rock laved by the never-ebbing tide and skirted by some mountain torrent, while olive and orange-groves reared above, and vineyards hung in luxuriance around. But it is vain to attempt to describe that which exhausted my admiration while beholding it.

We saw Stromboli distinctly as we passed; a few white clouds rested upon the summit, so that I could not distinguish its smoke. This mountain island rises precipitously from the sea; the effect during an eruption must be very fine. G. tells me that, in 1822, when he was cruizing with the English fleet in the Mediterranean, he was once in a spot from whence he could see, at the same moment, the smoke of three volcanoes, namely, Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius, during the great eruption of that year.

Nearly opposite the volcano is Tropea, on the coast of Calabria; it is built on the promontory that forms the southern side of the Gulf of St. Euphemia. We passed close under it; it appears a considerable town, and has a very singular and picturesque effect from the sea, the walls of the houses forming an actual junction with the rocks which rise directly from the water.

Soon after we entered the gulf, more beautiful than any thing I could have imagined. On one side tower the range of Apennines in lofty magnificence, while

forests of olive-trees, woods of oranges, lemons, and citrons, hills shaded by fig-trees, and vineyards spreading in luxuriance around, are laved by the "liquid azure" of the Mediterranean. On another side is a range of green hills, a continuation of the Apennines, shaded by oak, beech, and poplar trees, with here and there a hamlet peeping between the foliage.

We hove to beneath the walls of Pizzo, built upon a rock at the extreme inlet of the gulf, and I was glad of the opportunity afforded me of pausing on this scene. But Pizzo, situated as it is in this little earthly paradise, has its tale of blood; within the walls of that picturesque tower, rearing its head over the bastions, was shot, on the 13th of October, 1815, Murat, king of Naples, famed for his valour as well as the extreme beauty of his person.* His tomb is in the church, which Murat himself had caused to be rebuilt — affording a

* "The signal he gave to the soldiers to fire was 'Sauvez le visage—visez au cœur.'"—*Italie Pittoresque*, —CHARLES DIDIER.

sad lesson of the mutability of earthly things.

The sun had sunk behind the hills, and night was fast approaching, as we sailed out of the lovely gulf of St. Euphemia, which lost nothing by the soft shades of twilight. But as active preparations were making upon deck to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and a chilly wind was rising, I reluctantly retired to my cabin, sighing over the many fair scenes I should lose while the vessel pursued her rapid way during the long night.

CHAPTER VI.

Morning — Capri — Bay of Naples — Naples — Harbour — Difficulties at Landing — Custom-house — Evening Drive — Neapolitan Calessa — Grotto of Posilippo — Naples in September — People — Church of the Madonna di Pié di Grotta — Virgil's Tomb — Vineyards — View from thence — Twilight Drive — Fête of the Pié di Grotta — Peasantry — Tarantella — Troops — Procession — Ships Illuminated.

CHAPTER VI.

September 7th.—What I saw on coming upon deck this morning reminded me so forcibly of all I must have missed during the night that I had scarcely any pleasure in looking around me. We were just off the island of Capri, and at the entrance of the Bay of Naples, Sorrento being to our right. With regard to the beauties of the Bay of Naples, my expectations had been raised to so high a pitch, that I felt almost disappointed at the first view of it. But this feeling was of short duration, and as the morning mists cleared away from the hills, shewing them in all their splendour, with

the town rising, tier above tier, like an amphitheatre of palaces, and Vesuvius, with its column of white smoke, standing forth from the sky in its own peculiar beauty, I acknowledged I had never before witnessed a more striking combination of the sublime and beautiful.

It would be fruitless to dwell on that which has been described and re-described, drawn and re-drawn, from the humblest prose to the most exalted poetry, and from the scratch of every common sketch-book to the easel of the greatest artists. The first view of Naples should, without doubt, be obtained from the sea, from whence the whole panorama is embraced. The city itself, crowned with the venerable fortress of St. Elmo, certainly one of the most striking features, can only be seen in its entire extent from thence; and from no other point can the vine-clad hills of Posilipo and the Vomero be viewed to such advantage. The time to *admire*, though perhaps not to *enjoy* Naples, is decidedly the summer or commencement of autumn,

when the trees are in leaf and the vineyards in full bearing. Those hills, which look brown in winter, are now clothed with verdure; and their smiling loveliness, contrasted with the barren surface of the volcanic sentinel upon the other side of the town, enhances the effect of both.

The new palace of the king, although handsome when close to it, looks like a long barrack from the sea; but the eye soon wanders from this building, and rests upon the Château de l'Œuf, jutting its picturesque battlements into the waters, and only joined by a long and narrow causeway to the land.

We were now at anchor within the harbour, and amongst crowds of shipping that impeded all view, and here our troubles commenced. I really thought they never would have allowed us to leave the ship. Every one of our numerous passengers was inspected by the police and the board of health; the delay occasioned was most tedious, and the crowd upon deck

insupportable. Then we were obliged to wait until the luggage was got up from the hold, and ours having been put down nearly the first, of course came up last.

At length we were permitted to get into a boat, and were rowed to the custom-house, where they offered to let our few packages pass unexamined if we would give them a fee of three piastres; but as we had taken care to bring nothing siezable on shore, we waited while they looked them over, and then, getting into a carriage, drove to the Chiaja. All the hôtels were nearly filled, upon the occasion of the approaching fête; and we went from one to the other, quite in despair of getting apartments. At length we were obliged to content ourselves, for the present, with a back room in the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, and I really was so tired and worn out with the morning's exertions, that I could scarcely look at any thing.

However, after we had partaken of a meal that served both for breakfast and dinner, and I had rested a little, I became

more refreshed, and was ready for an evening's drive in an open carriage. The weather was glorious, and the Riviera di Chiaja, as well as the gardens of the Villa Reale, presented the gayest scene imaginable, although quite different from the winter gaiety, when crowds of smart carriages, filled with fashionables from all nations in Europe, are coursing each other up and down, as thickly almost as in Hyde Park during the London season; and thousands of many-coloured shawls and bonnets fill the avenues in the gardens. Now, on the contrary, the company are all national; here and there a carriage of a Neapolitan noble rattles along; but the chief part of the busy throng is composed of the happy peasantry. The little light, open fiacres of the place are filled with them, and are constantly passing and repassing at full speed. The Neapolitan calessa is also in great vogue, and adds much to the picturesque. These extraordinary little carriages have a body shaped like a small gig, with a large stand behind

and before, and will accommodate from ten to fourteen persons, some standing and others sitting; the coachman generally drives from behind over the heads of all the passengers; the vehicle is tilted up very much in front, and drawn by one horse, which is made to gallop at a furious pace. The whole affair has an extraordinary effect, and it is amusing to count the number of people, men, women, and children, that one of these carriages is made to hold.

Crowds of people are to be met at every corner, gathered round a fantocini exhibition, or enjoying the wit of an itinerant story-teller; while others are refreshing themselves at one of the many gaily-gilded lemonade-stalls. I am convinced that this is the only season of the year to see Naples as it really is, when it is occupied by its own children, who form one of its chief and most ornamental characteristics, harmonising their lively manners with the lovely scenery around them.

Driving straight up the Chiaja we came

to the entrance of the Grotto of Posilipo, cut through the Tufo mountain, 2316 feet in length, 22 feet wide, and from 80 to 89 feet high. The road through this tunnel is lighted by lamps, kept constantly burning. Turning back, we visited the church of the "Madonna di Pié di Grotta," where the royal family are to pay their public devotions to-morrow, in honour of the fête of the nativity of the Virgin.

The church was close by, and we found many people assembled on the same errand as ourselves; it was small, but beautifully decorated with silver lamps, and the altars with a profusion of flowers of the same material, arranged in bouquets at the back, giving a brilliant and elegant effect. At one end a gallery was prepared for the orchestra, to be composed of all the first and most celebrated opera singers.

Anxious to see as much as possible during our short stay at Naples, we determined, notwithstanding our fatigue, to visit the tomb of Virgil, situated immediately above the

Grotto of Posilipo. We were obliged to ascend on foot, the steep road leading to it, and as we got higher and higher, the lovely landscape became more and more enchanting. The tomb stands in the midst of an enclosed vineyard, and the path leading to it was almost blocked up by the long clusters of grapes hanging from the vine trellises above our heads. The vineyards of Italy, unlike those of France and Switzerland, which look like so many stunted currant-bushes, grow up the stems of the trees, and are trained from one to the other, until they form a continuous arbour, from whence the purple and white bunches hang in the thickest and most luxuriant profusion, realising all one's poetic ideas of vineyard scenery. Culling the refreshing fruit as we proceeded, and threading through the narrow path, we at length descended some rude steps, which brought us to the tomb of the great Latin poet. Straggling shrubs grow over the dome that marks the spot; in the interior are empty niches for cine-

rary urns. There are two posterior inscriptions to his memory, one more ancient and

the other modern. Close by is the monument of a young German lady, who died at the age of eighteen; the affecting epitaph inscribed upon her tomb is doubtless often read by the pilgrims to the poet's grave, and her sorrowing friends could not have chosen a better spot to have kept her memory alive.

The view from this abode of the dead is lovely beyond description. It is bounded on one side by the majestic Apennines, with Vesuvius in their foreground, the bright bay

washing its base, which in its turn is bordered by Portici, Torre del Greco, and farther on by Castellamare and Sorrento, backed by the lofty mountain of St. Angelo and the hills towards La Cava. In another direction rises the bright blue land of Capri, while beneath lies the city sleeping at the foot of a mountain, crowned by the turrets of St. Elmo. A soft hue pervaded the whole scene, blending it in one lovely picture, and throwing around that ideal dreaminess which is to be found only in Italian landscapes.

Returning to the carriage, we took several turns up the Riviera di Chiaja and the Chiatamone to Santa Lucia. The sun had sunk long before our return home, and the soft beauty of twilight, added to the mild and balmy air, different from any I had ever felt before, enhanced rather than detracted from the admiration I experienced when first beholding this lovely spot. Vesuvius by moonlight is as captivating as Vesuvius standing forth and issuing its smoky vapours in the clear and azure brightness of an Italian sky; while the darkened shadows cast over

the smiling bay are enlivened by the lights of hundreds of fishing-boats. Thus closed our first day at Naples.

September 8th.—Early this morning regiment after regiment were following each other up the broad road of the Chiaja, and the opposite gardens of the Villa Reale were thronged with peasants in the gay and picturesque costumes of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, who congregate at this annual festival of the Madonna di Pié di Grotta. Many of the dresses were very handsome; several of the women wore velvet bodices, worked in gold lace, and scarlet satin petticoats; they were covered with a profusion of ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and large earrings, four inches broad; the hair was tastefully dressed, and secured with numerous gold pins. The women of Ischia were provided with ornamented clogs, while those from some other part wore spangled slippers of many colours. The costume of the men consisted generally of cloth jackets, ornamented with velvet, and scarlet waistcoats, embroidered with gold lace; they wore knee-

breeches, and high sugar-loafed hats completed the picturesqueness of their costume.

Groups of people were gathered around temporary lemonade and ice stalls, or refreshing themselves under the shade of the trees. In some parts a musician was delighting his audience with a comic song, and their satisfaction was evident by the varied and excited expression of their countenances. Another knot of countrymen were crowding to see two women dancing the tarantella; one of them was very handsome, and the lively movements of this national dance displayed her to advantage. The music was played by a young girl on the tambourine, which she accompanied with her voice. The effect of this rural assemblage under the shadow of the fine trees in the garden, and wandering amongst the many walks, interspersed with flowery parterres, was novel and beautiful in the highest degree, and the bright beams of a cloudless sky heightened the colouring of the scene.

At an early hour G. walked to the chapel of the Madonna di Pié di Grotta, which

we visited yesterday. Mass was performing, and it was very crowded; he bought at the door one of the numerous medals that are struck in commemoration of the fête.

At twelve o'clock a gun was fired on board the admiral's ship, as a signal to dress up the men-of-war that were ranged in line along the bay opposite the Chiaja: they were seven in number. The flags that decorated every part of the rigging were hoisted instantaneously and without any confusion; they looked very pretty, waving in the breeze.

We now established ourselves in the balcony to witness the procession. Troops had been marching up the whole morning, but still nothing but plumes and helmets were to be seen, extending the whole length of the street, about a mile in extent; they all marched past in the most beautiful order, with colours flying and bands playing. They were, almost without exception, fine young men, and the uniforms of every regiment were remarkable for their smartness and expensive quality. The King of Naples, I am told, prides him-

self much upon the dress and accoutrements of his troops; but why he keeps such an immense military force is difficult to imagine. As they passed on, they formed in line upon each side of the road, a double row of cavalry being stationed next the houses, and another of infantry upon the path near the gardens, until, at length, the whole way from the king's palace to the chapel was flanked with nodding plumes and shining bayonets. There were present from 30,000 to 40,000 troops, it being the grandest military fête which takes place at Naples, and all the regiments that can be spared are called in for the occasion from every other part of the kingdom. The space between the lines was entirely cleared, no carriages or foot-passengers being allowed to pass. Every window and balcony was crowded to excess by well-dressed people; the gardens were thronged with the peasants; and the bright rays of the sun shining upon the scene gave a most striking and brilliant effect to the whole.

At about three o'clock the guns of the Cas-

tello Nuovo announced that the king had left the palace, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards those of the Château de l'Œuf proclaimed that the procession had reached thus far. Soon after we saw it winding round the Chiatamone, and as it proceeded along the Chiaja the men-of-war discharged their broadsides in succession, until the peal was taken up by the roar of the artillery of St. Elmo.

The procession, one of the most splendid sights imaginable, was composed of twenty-one state-carriages, all drawn by six or eight horses. The king and queen were seated in the thirteenth, drawn by eight iron-greys, decorated with plumes of feathers; the harness was of crimson and gold. The state-coach had windows all round, and the panels were covered with sheet gold, upon which the royal arms were embossed in silver; a large crown and plumes being placed upon the top. After their majesties followed all the members of the royal family, each in separate carriages, even to the baby of a year old. Several of the cavalry regiments

forming part of the procession, were magnificently attired, and their bands of wind instruments remarkably fine.

The military music here is certainly very superior, and the bands are admirably trained and conducted. We counted on the present occasion no less than thirty-four musicians and twenty-one drummers in that of one regiment of the line.

The procession proceeded at a foot's pace, and the troops remained under arms during the whole time the king was paying his devotions to the Madonna. In about an hour and a half they returned, in the same order in which they had arrived, and as soon as they reached the palace the troops began to disperse; but it was quite evening before the streets were cleared of the martial multitude.

Long after the sun had set in all its glory, the avenues of the Villa Reale still resounded with the laugh and song of the merry peasantry, who were regaling themselves with ice and lemonade, plentifully dealt out to them. In one instance the stall appeared

to be superintended by a priest in his robes and canonicals, who also received the money; whether for the benefit of the Virgin or not I do not know, but a priest and an ice-vendor seemed rather incongruous.

We lingered long at the windows, contemplating the lovely scene before us; the placid bay sleeping in the moonlight, and the ports, masts, yards, and stays of the men-of-war, illuminated with hundreds of lamps, tracing their elegant forms in lines of fire, as they lay anchored, beyond the dark foliage of the evergreen oaks of the Villa Reale just below us.

CHAPTER VII.

Railroad — Road to Pompeii — Diomedes' Villa — Portantini — Street of Tombs — Herculaneum Gate — Sentry-Box — Via Consularis — Shops — Custom-House — Baker's Shop — Chemist's Shop — Private Houses — House of Sallust — Public Fountains — Strada delle Therme — Pansa's House — Public Baths — House of the Dramatic Poet — Grottos — Great Mosaic — Mosaic of Nile — Wine Jars — Forum — Temple of Jupiter — Temple of Venus — Basilica — Senate House — House of the Boar — Queen's House — Temple of Hercules — Tragic Theatre — Temple of Isis — Æsculapius' Temple — Comic Theatre — Ancient Barracks — Wild Aloes — Railroad — Portici — Dinner — Herculaneum — Streets — Houses — Temple of Mercury — Temple of Victory — Prison — The Quay — The Sea — Statues of the Balbi — Peasant Woman — Storm.

CHAPTER VII.

September 9th.—We breakfasted early this morning and started for Pompeii by the railroad lately opened between Naples and Castellamare, passing through Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre della Nunziata. It runs nearly the whole way close to the sea, and is bounded on the other side, excepting where the black lava of Vesuvius has destroyed vegetation, by vineyards now in all their luxuriance and beauty, flourishing over the ruins of by-gone ages, and bending beneath their refreshing clusters. We constantly passed the shaft of a beautiful pillar or some other remains of antiquity, which had been lately excavated, and really, as we were hissing by, it seemed almost like sacrilege to convert this venerable

ground to the service of railroad innovation. But I comforted myself by thinking that, had it not been for this facility, I might have left Naples without having seen a place I had so long desired to visit.

From many points, the view of the city, the bay, and the contiguous islands, is exquisite. In whatever direction this ravishing scenery is beheld, it seems surpassingly beautiful, and every time it is viewed it appears to gain in loveliness. Numerous pretty little villas are constantly to be seen scattered about, peeping from the midst of fig-orchards and vineyards; but as we approached Torre del Greco the devastating effects of the lava became more plainly visible, and its huge streams of destruction rose, black, bare, and rugged, from the midst of the surrounding fertility. The town is a considerable place, and, like Catania, has risen over its own ruins; its heedless inhabitants, reckless of the warning given them by the total destruction of the former village in the eruption of 1794, have erected their habitations within the very territory the destroying

mountain has marked, as it were, for its own.

In order to save time, we stopped at Torre della Nunziata, instead of going on to Castellamare, where the best carriages are to be procured, and got into an indifferent sort of vehicle, which we engaged to take us to Pompeii, only a few miles distant. There are two roads, we took that which formerly connected it in a straight line with Herculaneum. At length we stopped under the shade of some lofty trees, and found ourselves close to the remains of what is called the Villa of Diomedes, situated outside the walls of the town, and at the end of the Street of Tombs.

Leaving the carriage, and taking a guide, we proceeded to explore this mansion of former greatness. We first descended to the cellar, where numerous skeletons were found, and saw the impression of a female form against the wall, described by Bulwer, in his "Last Days" of this devoted city, to be that of the ill-fated Julia, Diomedes' daughter. From thence we wandered through the numerous

apartments, whose fresco-painted walls attest the richness of this suburban villa, which, unlike the houses within the town, was composed of two stories. The hot and cold baths, with the luxurious arrangements attending them, are all to be distinctly traced. We walked upon the terrace looking into the former garden when it was first disinterred; a man with a key in his hand, and another with a lamp and a purse full of money, were found at the gate, evidently in the act of attempting to escape, when they were overwhelmed by the surrounding destruction.

But I must hurry on, and not dwell upon the description of a place so often and so minutely portrayed by others. Not being strong enough to walk, I was carried in a *portantini*, a chair fixed upon two long poles, and borne by a couple of men, who stopped at the entrance of those houses I wished to visit; and I advise every one who is not strong to adopt this plan, and also to be provided with a large umbrella, to ward off the scorching rays of the sun.

We first passed up the Street of Tombs,

I think one of the most interesting parts of the city, displaying as it does several magnificent cenotaphs of white marble, bearing the names of those who have slept beneath them for so many centuries, as freshly and distinctly as if engraved there yesterday, and who would probably have passed away from the memory of man but for this second interment, which has thus preserved their names to posterity.

We now reached the walls of the city, and entered it by the Herculaneum gate, guarded by a small stone sentry-box: here the skeleton of a soldier, with his lance and armour, was found at his post, where he must have remained firm even in that dreadful hour. The armour is still preserved in the Museum at Naples. The gateway is composed of three arches, those on either side being appropriated for foot-passengers, and the one in the centre for carriages. The marks of wheels, worn into the pavement, are to be distinctly traced in all the streets. The Via Consularis, which we now entered,

is of great length, and the roofless houses on each side of it are replete with interest. The sea, although now about a mile distant, formerly washed this quarter of the city, where the custom-house is still standing. When this building was first excavated, an immense number of curious weights and steel-yards were found in it. Most of the shops were in this vicinity, and the different trades they were devoted to are expressed by astonishingly well-preserved fresco-paintings upon their walls and counters. Those supposed to have been inns or refreshment-houses have cups and bottles, represented in front of them. One shop is pointed out as a soap-manufactory, another as one of oil. But the most interesting are the bakers' shops; there are a great number with the corn-mills still standing; and many of the ovens were found with bread half-baked in them. The names of the manufacturers of the mills are engraved upon each, and that of the proprietor of every house is placed near the door. In the chemists' shops

were jars of drugs, retaining their natural odour, although buried for so many centuries.

Some of the private houses are exceedingly magnificent; the mosaic and inlaid marble floors are fresh and perfect as ever, and the exquisite fresco-painted walls remain as models for modern artists. The abode of Caius Sallust, in the Via Consularis, is one of the most spacious and handsome. The walls, in common with most of the other houses at Pompeii, are painted in panels of different colours, almost as bright as if only just applied, and inlaid with medallion representations of landscapes, figures, fruits, birds, and fish. In the quadrangle are remains of a handsome fountain, and a colonnade of eight columns communicates with several apartments; the larger of these served as receiving-rooms, and the smaller were bedrooms. The floor of one was inlaid with marbles of surprising beauty, and many of the frescoes were exceedingly striking; I particularly remarked one of Diana

and Actæon, and another of Mars and Venus.

One of the great attractions of Pompeii must have been its numerous fountains; several are still standing in every street, and the soft murmur of their waters no doubt delighted the ears and charmed the senses of the luxurious inhabitants.

After having visited almost every house in the Via Consularis, we turned into the wide street running across it, called the Strada delle Therme, or the Street of the Baths. Looking down its whole length the vista is exceedingly interesting, displaying Vesuvius in all its smiling majesty, contemplating as it were the city it has both destroyed and preserved; while between are the orchards and vineyards flourishing over the yet unexcavated portion of the town.

The house of the Ædile Pansa, one of the largest yet discovered, is in this quarter; it contains, beside an atrium and peristyle, a large number of sleeping-rooms. The refectory apartment in every house is known

by the pictures of fish, cakes, wine, and other eatables, invariably represented round the top of the painted wainscoting.

In this street there are two sets of public baths; the first one we visited was that devoted to the lower orders, and the next to the more wealthy of the luxurious citizens of Pompeii. It appears to have been, in common with all those of the age, the fashionable lounge, where all the news and chit-chat of the place were exchanged. Judging from what has escaped the ravages of time and volcano, the decorations must have been exquisite, and in the best taste; altogether it is wonderfully preserved, and one of the most perfect buildings in the town. The ceilings still exist, and are decorated with *bassi-relievi*. There are distinct apartments for the warm, tepid, and cold baths, and the flues for admitting the vapour may still be seen. In the warm bath is a magnificent basin of white marble, with a fountain in the centre, and another handsome circular one in the cold bath.

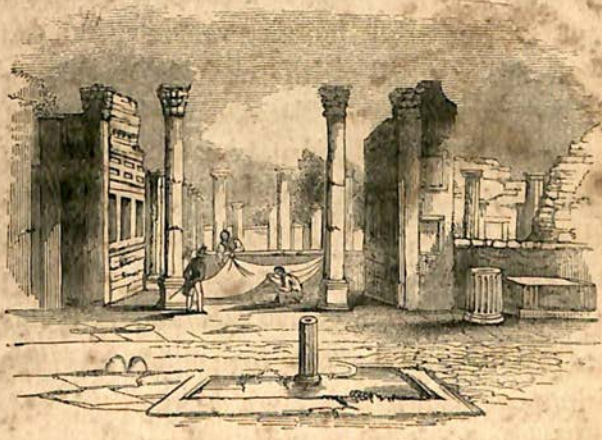
They appear to have been lighted from sky-lights, and by lamps placed in surrounding niches.

We next visited the house of the dramatic poet, one of the richest and most beautiful in Pompeii. Many of the fresco-paintings are gems of art, and prove, as they can bear comparison with the works of the greatest masters of the middle ages, the perfection of the science in that early era. Several valuable mosaics are also contained here.

Turning down the Street of Mercury, we were ushered through a gateway, kept under lock and key, into a spacious mansion. In the centre court is an ingenious grotto of shell-work, mixed with mosaics, looking as fresh as if just constructed. It was evidently a cascade, and the bronze pipes and cocks for conveying the water are still perfect. The whole house is profusely ornamented with paintings, and appears to have been very costly.

After visiting a contiguous dwelling, whose grotto and decorations surpassed

the first, we proceeded down another street to the House of the Faun, which contains the



most superb mosaics in the city. The one, so justly celebrated, representing the battle between Alexander and Darius, is perfectly magnificent; the size and the brilliancy of its colours is quite astonishing, and the spirited attitudes of the horses are perfection.* A modern roof protects this *chef-d'œuvre* from the deteriorating effects of the atmosphere, which has done more injury

* This great mosaic has since been removed to the Museum at Naples.

to the decorations of Pompeii than 1800 years' interment.

In the same house as the battle-piece is another beautiful mosaic, representing the river Nile filled with crocodiles, hippopotami, and other objects, such as ducks, serpents, &c., all minutely and exquisitely executed. Around the court are several wine-jars, still half-buried in the earth. It is supposed that they were placed there in readiness to be filled, as the city was destroyed just before the period of the vintage.

We now retraced our steps until we entered the wide street leading to the Forum. This was evidently the most magnificent part of the city, for the principal temples and the courts of justice were in its vicinity. In the oblong square forming the centre are a number of marble pedestals, upon which stood statues of the most celebrated citizens; but as none of these were found when the place was excavated, it is concluded that, being injured by the earthquake which took place some time before the

eruption, they were removed to the workshop of some sculptor to be repaired: if such be the case, it has not yet been discovered, and, consequently, some of the greatest treasures of art are, probably, still to be rescued from oblivion.

At one end of the square stands the former magnificent Temple of Jupiter; near it is that of Venus. But the most majestic of all these edifices is the Basilica, or Court of Justice, also used as the Exchange. The walls are adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and the centre of the building by columns of the same order; at the farther end is a raised tribunal.

Large quantities of fragments of white marble, and half-hewn pillars of the same material, lie scattered about. It is supposed that, at the time of the eruption, the citizens were employed in repairing the mischief done by the earthquake, and thus the half-finished work of bygone centuries still remains as if only just abandoned.

The Senate House, or Senaculum, is also

contiguous to the Forum, and a number of other public buildings, together with the Temple of Mercury. The *coup d'œil* of the whole must have been magnificent.

Passing down the Strada della Fontana Abondanza, which owes its name to a large and handsome fountain, adorned by a figure that stands in the midst of it, we came to the House of the Boar, so called from its beautiful mosaic pavement, representing two dogs chasing the wild boar. Not far off was the house called that of the Queen of England, it being named in honour of Queen Adelaide, who was present at its excavation; several beautiful things were found here. I am told that, whenever they come to any thing remarkable, they refrain from completely uncovering it until the visit of some illustrious person, when the loose sand and rubbish is cleared away in the course of an hour or two.

Not far from here the workmen are still digging, and constantly making some new discovery; they say not more than one third of the city is as yet uncovered. Every street

is terminated by high ground, with trees and vineyards flourishing upon it, as luxuriant as if their roots did not twine amongst the ruins beneath. The King of Naples has purchased all the contiguous land, and every thing that is found is the property of the government, and is conveyed to the Museum. The work of excavation goes on with comparative ease, owing to the fact that Pompeii, unlike Herculaneum, was covered only by the ashes, and not by the lava, of the volcano, which is as hard as stone.

But I am dwelling longer than I intended upon this interesting spot, and must hasten on to the Street of the Theatres, the next we visited. The Triangular Forum, from whence the Tragic Theatre is entered, contains also the Temple of Hercules, considered more ancient than any other building in the town. The view from thence is charming, and looks from Vesuvius on one side to Castellamare, backed by the Apennines, on the other. The Tragic Theatre is the largest, and is in exceedingly good preservation; it has fifteen tiers of seats.

We now proceeded to the Temple of Isis, the most perfect in Pompeii. This edifice is replete with interest, exhibiting, as it does, not only the altars of the Egyptian goddess, but the secret places where her priests concealed themselves, and gave utterance to the oracles, supposed to have proceeded from the figure of the idol, now adorning the Museum of Naples. Numerous other statues were found within its walls; amongst others one of Orus, according to Egyptian mythology, the god of silence. Within the enclosure are several reservoirs in which running water still enters. The walls of the temple are ornamented with *bassi relievi* in stucco, and numerous treasures were discovered within its precincts.

In this vicinity is the Temple of Æsculapius, where his statue and two others of creta cotta were found.

The Comic Theatre was the last place we examined, for we were overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning. It is a beautiful building, although smaller than the Tragic Theatre, and is semi-circular. The rain

now began to fall fast, obliging us to make the best of our way to the ancient barracks, the only sheltered place in the town, the roof of them having been repaired in the antique style, and the building itself appropriated for the modern guard-house.

As soon as the storm had a little abated, we quitted the city by the Nola Gate, where we had ordered the carriage to meet us. I left this interesting spot scarcely more than half explored, as I had not time to dwell upon its many points of interest. Its streets and buildings are every where interspersed with the wild aloe, that grows in the richest luxuriance in the neighbourhood, its pale lemon-coloured flowers clustering from a stem some fourteen feet high, and shedding a delicious fragrance around.

The contemplation of one resuscitated city was certainly enough for one day, but our plans would not admit of this arrangement, so the only thing left for us was to drive back as fast as we could to Torre della Nunziata, in order to catch the train that was to convey us to Portici.

On reaching Portici, the weather had fortunately cleared up, and we walked from the station to a small inn, where, in a short time, we were provided with an excellent dinner, far better than we expected from the meanness of the house, and for this we were charged, wine included, but one piastre (*4s. 2d.*) Thus recruited, we stepped into a carriage, and proceeded to explore all that remains excavated of the magnificent city of Herculaneum. It was buried by the same eruption as Pompeii, which it surpassed in richness and beauty, but as the streams of lava flowed over it, and afterwards became as hard as stone, it is far less perfect than the latter city, which was only covered by ashes. Added to this, the towns of Resina and Portici being built above, before its site was discovered, the researches have not been so extensive as they otherwise might, and the chief excavations have been filled up again.

Herculaneum is situated at the very base of the volcano, and the hill leading to it is the commencement of the ascent of the

mountain. The principal part is in the neighbourhood of the grounds belonging to the royal palace at Portici. We descended a flight of steps sixty-eight feet below the surface of the ground, and found ourselves in an open space, from whence the commencement of several streets led in various directions; some of them appeared to have been handsome, and lined with colonnades. The houses are much in the same style as those of Pompeii; in many instances the fresco-paintings upon the walls are still visible, and shew how beautiful they must have been. The floors are all of mosaic, generally white and black, and traced in different designs. The ends of the beams forming the roofs still remain stuck into the walls, but turned completely to charcoal.

The principal building in this part of the city is a temple, supposed, from a picture found there, to have been dedicated to Mercury; it is adorned with military trophies, and was supported by stucco pillars, twenty-four of which are still standing. The Temple of Victory was also pointed out to

us. But the most interesting place was the prison; where the bars and links of iron are still firm and perfect, as if they had but recently secured their unhappy inmates.

The effect of wandering about these deserted streets, and then being suddenly stopped by an immense barrier of unpenetrated lava, has something quite mysterious in it, and I longed to penetrate through the rocky wall, hiding within its precincts so many treasures of former centuries. The beautiful statues and works of art that have been discovered in the small portion that has been excavated, attest the riches that still lie concealed; but it does not appear likely that they will ever be rescued from oblivion, for no further search is making, and some parts of the city which were formerly opened have been filled up again, for the preservation of the modern towns above.

Vases of pottery-ware and marble slabs lie embedded in the lava. The wells also are exceedingly curious, and, in most instances, bear the mark worn in the stone by the constant friction of the cord em-

ployed in raising the buckets. The ovens in the bakers' shops, and the coppers of the baths, are all nearly perfect.

One of the most interesting points is what was formerly the quay, situated beyond the ancient walls. The sea, as at Pompeii, retired before the fiery element and its accompanying convulsions, and has never returned to its former bounds. The fastenings for the boats and shipping still remain; and marine shells and pebbles are strewn about where now a hill of lava divides the spot from the waves.

Gardens of roses and marigolds occupy the courts of the houses, and the old cicerone came forward with an Herculaneum bouquet to present to me, for which he appeared to think he could not be too highly remunerated.

Having seen all that was worthy of notice in this part, we returned to the carriage, and drove to the theatre, some distance off. This was the first part of the city that was discovered, by a countryman who was sinking a well near the spot. It is entered from a

small house, while the candles were preparing, we were ensconced in the kitchen, inhabited indiscriminately by men, women, and children, pigs, goats, and poultry. We descended into the theatre by steps; it is a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and has been hollowed out of the solid lava. By the time I reached the second corridor, the air became so oppressive, and the damp and chilliness so great, that I was obliged to make my retreat, leaving G. to explore the remainder. It was in the Basilica, near here, that the two magnificent equestrian statues of the Balbi, now in the Museum, were found; their impressions still remain in the lava.

While I was waiting for G. I took a seat by the mistress of the house, a pretty, blooming girl, who was busily plying her distaff, and looked young enough to be the elder sister, instead of the mother of the little urchins playing around her.

It was now time to return to the railway station, and we only just reached it before we were overtaken by another tremendous

storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. We waited about half-an-hour before the train came up, and then, to our dismay, it passed on without stopping, leaving us no alternative but to wait with patience another hour and a half for the next. Meantime, the storm continued with unabated fury, and we could scarcely shelter ourselves in the waiting-room from the driving rain. However, we beguiled the time as well as we could by entering into conversation with a young Neapolitan officer, who was waiting to proceed to some place beyond Castellamare. He had come to Naples with his regiment for yesterday's fête, and they were now returning to their quarters in this wretched weather, which affords quite a contrast to the sunny sky that added so much beauty to the gay scene. He was an intelligent young man, and gave us a good deal of information.

At length the train arrived, and I was delighted to find the first-class carriage closed and fitted up like a large room. It was quite dark by the time we arrived at

the terminus, and, to my great horror, I lost G., who had gone to call a carriage, and found myself amongst a crowd of strangers, hurrying in every direction. But he discovered me after some little time in one of the waiting-rooms, where I had taken refuge. I was quite glad to reach the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, and rest after the fatigues of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Difficulties of Passport—Steam-Vessel—Castello Nuovo — St. Carlos—Strada Toledo—Museo Borbonico—Gallery of Fresco Paintings—Egyptian Gallery—Ancient Sculpture—Statues—Venus Callipygia—Bronzes—Rich Casket—Cabinet of Gems—Great Cameo — Pompeiian Jewellery—Cabinet of Edibles—Bronze Utensils—Evening Drive—Castello dell' Ovo — Fine View — Largo Palazzo — Villa Reale — Steamer — Accommodation — Doctor — Under way—Dinner—Rough Weather — Civita Vecchia — Coast—Harbour—Breakfast—Landing —Ramparts — Country—Locusts—Elba — Donizetti—Dinner—Custom-House—Rich Country—Inundation — Forest of Arno—Vineyards, Grapes —Farms—Tuscan Peasantry—Cattle.

CHAPTER VIII.

September 10th.—G. was occupied nearly the whole morning in arranging his passport and getting it signed. We had not imagined this to be necessary, as we had only landed for four days, and were going on in the same steamer; but all, or rather more, than the usual worry and difficulty had to be gone through.

On driving down to the steam-packet office, at the Mole, to speak about our cabin, what was our indignation at finding that, although we had engaged it at Malta, it was given up to some Neapolitan princess, and that we should be obliged to go below, to one of the small cabins usually appropriated to gentlemen. Remonstrance was vain; and the only answer we received was,

that neither the captain nor the agent at Malta had any right to let the cabin farther than to Naples. We had no redress, as it was the first steamer going to Marseilles, and we were obliged to avail ourselves of it, as my father had left England to meet us there upon a certain day.

Having submitted with the best grace we could to these disagreeable arrangements, we started for the Museum, passing by the Post-Office, and through the Largo di Castello, adorned by two fountains. One of these, in bronze, by Giovanni di Bologna, is remarkably beautiful. Here also stands the Castello Nuovo, a fine old fortress, protecting one side of the royal palace. From thence we passed the grand opera-house of St. Carlos, said to be the largest in the world, and entered the Largo di Palazzo, from whence runs the Strada Toledo, at the upper end of which is the Museum.

The Toledo is the Bond Street of Naples; here are situated all the best shops, and crowds of carriages, of every description, are

to be seen morning, noon, and night, in one dense mass, often only able to move at a foot's pace, to the imminent danger of the foot-passengers, for there are no *trottoires* to serve as a line of demarcation for the carriages.

The Museo Borbonico is a noble structure, and deservedly considered one of the finest museums in the world, while its rich collection of antiquities, drawn from Pæstum, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, invest it with unrivalled interest. In order to form a just idea of the many gems it contains, and pause a sufficient time to contemplate the most remarkable, several visits should be paid, and but one, or at most, two rooms be viewed in a day; for not only the extent of the establishment is so vast that it is next to impossible to traverse it at one time, but the fatigue of looking and admiring becomes so great, that one finishes by losing the power of observation. This was quite my case, although I did not attempt to visit one half, and left the picture-galleries entirely unexamined. I shall just run through what I

did see, noting the objects that struck me most.

We first entered the gallery containing the choice fresco-paintings and mosaics found in Herculaneum and Pompeii. It consisted of five separate apartments, and many of the objects were surprisingly well preserved. I remarked, amongst others, an admirable portrait of a cat, in mosaic; it was absolutely like life. Some of the groups of fruit also were very beautiful. I particularly admired a large fresco-painting representing a glass bowl, filled with pears, grapes, and pomegranates. The inimitable effect produced by the subdued colours of the fruit seen through the transparent vase, contrasted with that piled above it, is quite perfection, and shews the advanced stage of the art in those remote ages. We were also much amused and interested by a strange device traced upon one of the frescoes. It was a large green parrot, harnessed to the shafts of a little red car upon two wheels, driven by a grashopper perched upon the top, and holding the reins in its mouth;

the whole painted in the most vivid colours. This is supposed to have been intended for the Emperor Nero, who is represented as the parrot, driven by Seneca the grasshopper.

If we may judge from their appearance upon the walls of Pompeii, these witty caricatures appear to have been common amongst the Romans.

The next division we entered was that devoted to the Egyptian, Etruscan, and Oscian antiquities. Amongst them is a beautiful statue of Isis, that, together with many other interesting objects, was found in her temple at Pompeii. Here, also, is the statue of Jupiter Serapis, discovered in the temple dedicated to him at Pozzuoli. Several alabaster vases, found in the chemists' shops, containing drugs, still preserving their medicinal odour, are shewn in this room. At the farther end is a small cabinet, where some skeletons, found at Pompeii, are preserved under glass-cases. Amongst them is a female figure, said — as it was

taken from the tomb bearing that name—to be one of the family of Diomedes.

We next proceeded to the Gallery of Ancient Sculpture, which is divided into several corridors and magnificent halls, occupying the major part of the ground-floor of the Museum, and forming quite a labyrinth of interest. The greater part of this superb collection was found in the disinterred cities. Here are the beautiful statues of the Marcus Nonius Balbi, senior and junior, whose impressions I mentioned having seen in the Basilica of Herculaneum. The horses are almost like life.

In the Gallery of the Emperors is a figure of Agrippina, wife of Germanicus; she is seated, and the mournful expression of her countenance seems to convey the sadness of her thoughts. I also remarked a striking statue of Julius Cæsar, and two admirable ones of Vitellius and Trajan. The group of Venus victorious and ordering Love to prepare the recompense for Paris, is perfection; it was found in the Amphitheatre of Capua.

In the apartments appropriated to the bas-reliefs is the immense basin of porphyry from the temple of Serapis at Rome. The celebrated colossal statue of Flora, found in the Baths of Caracalla, disappointed me: its immense proportions take away from its grace; but the drapery is admirably light and elegant. The fractured Psyche, however, in the same room, deserves all the praises that have been lavished upon it; the countenance is the ideal of loveliness.

Adjoining the Hall of Flora is another magnificent apartment, devoted to statues in coloured marbles. These have a singular effect, and many of them are very valuable. Diana of the Ephesians, of oriental alabaster, with bronze extremities, is one of the most precious. I particularly remarked a beautiful bas-relief, supposed to represent Bacchus and the Graces.

In the Hall of Illustrious Persons is a most interesting statue of Aristides, found in Herculaneum. It bears the stamp of the greatest simplicity, and appears as if on the point of walking; the expression of the

features is such as is to be found alone in Grecian sculpture. It appears almost as if the artist had wished to portray him in the most glorious moment of his life, viz. when he was starting for exile, secure in his own unruffled honour and probity.

The Cabinet of the Venuses is devoted to statues of that goddess alone. There are nine of her, amongst whom the Venus Callipygia reigns supreme. She has disputed the palm with the Venus di Medici; but I cannot think the expression of the countenance pleasing.

The collection of bronzes is considered the finest in the world; many were found in Pompeii, but the major part in Herculaneum. Without pausing to conclude our survey of the ground-floor, we next went upstairs to visit the collection of antique glass and pottery-ware arranged in galleries on the first story. This is one of the most interesting portions of the Museum: it is wonderful that these frail pieces of crystal should have survived the wreck of so many centuries. They also testify the degree of per-

fection the art had arrived at, which cannot be surpassed, or in some points equalled, by modern manufacturers. The celebrated vase of blue glass discovered at Pompeii is the most exquisite thing of the kind I ever saw; the colour is very beautiful, and the surface ornamented with bas-relief of the finest workmanship. It is mounted upon a modern pedestal of silver, as its own was broken.

This gallery contains, besides the crystals, a variety of earthenware vases and lamps, found in Herculaneum and Pompeii; the latter so numerous, that they are arranged in festoons round the apartment. Here, also, are several gems of the middle ages; amongst others I admired a magnificent casket, composed of six sides of rock-crystal, beautifully carved, and representing severally, the wars of the Amazons, the Centaurs, the hunt of Meleager, a bacchanalia, games in the circus, and a naval combat between Xerxes and the Greeks. The whole is set in silver, and ornamented

with statues of the same, representing Minerva, Mars, Venus, and Bacchus.

We now proceeded up stairs to the second floor, and entered what is called the "Cabinet of Gems." It contains many of the valuables formerly belonging to the house of Farnese, and all the gold and silver ornaments and utensils discovered in the excavated cities. There are several beautiful cameos, and the celebrated one from the Farnese collection, of Sardonic agate, said to be the most valuable of its kind in the world, is mounted upon a pivot and frame in the centre of the apartment. It is carved on both sides, one representing the apotheosis of Ptolemy the First, and, the reverse, the shield of Jupiter, with Medusa's head in the centre. Exclusive of any other consideration, the size of the stone is wonderful.

Two table cabinets covered over with glass, display the various articles of jewellery found in the disinterred cities. Many of the bracelets and brooches are of beautiful

patterns, and serve as models for modern fashion. The trinkets found upon the female skeleton in the cellar of Diomede's house at Pompeii, are very handsome.

One large glass case is filled with the culinary and sacrificial utensils of silver from Herculaneum, and another with those from Pompeii, plates, dishes, spoons, inclusive. These are the more interesting, from being the only specimens extant of the domestic implements of the Romans. But what delighted me more than any thing were the contents of a large cabinet that occupied one side of the room, containing several of the edibles, found after the lapse of so many centuries, in an almost unchanged state. Amongst these were two loaves of bread that were supposed to have been baking at the time of the eruption, in one of the ovens I saw yesterday. The name of the baker is still legible upon the crust, and is as follows,—"ELERIS Q. CRANI ERISER." There were also bottles containing the dregs of wine, a plate of eggs, some

honey-comb, and fruit; amongst others were olives, looking still almost green, and a bottle containing the remains of oil. There were also the colours found in a painter's shop. The preservation of perishable articles like the foregoing appears nearly. incredible, and such objects make one feel almost identified with the bygone era of their first existence, when Pompeii was to the Romans what Naples is to us.

Upon the same floor is the magnificent and unique collection of bronze furniture and utensils, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, together with several articles formerly belonging to the Musée Borgia; they occupy five apartments. Some of the bronze couches are of the most elegant shape, and are elaborately inlaid with silver. The cooking machines seem to shew that even the culinary art has not outstripped the others in the lapse of centuries. They forcibly remind one, in connexion with the rest of this museum, that there is nothing new under the sun, from a statue to a

frying-pan. Several of the lamps and candelabras are exquisite.

I was so fatigued by the time we reached this portion of the museum that we could not visit the magnificent collection of Etruscan vases beyond. We did not go out again until the morning, when we took a lovely drive, extending the whole length of the Riviera di Chiaja, the Chiatamone, down by the picturesque Castello d' Ovo, to St. Lucia, where the Lazaroni assemble to enjoy the fresh air. The view from thence is superb, and exhibits Vesuvius in all its majesty and beauty, with the lovely range of Apennines beyond, and Castellamare and Sorrento sleeping at their foot. The whole scene is so beautiful that it seems more like a dream of the senses, rocked by the soft rippling waters of the smiling bay, than a substantial reality.

From Santa Lucia the Strada Giganti leads to the Largo Palazzo; one side is occupied by the royal palace, and the other by the church of St. Francisco de Paolo, built in a semicircular form, and exceed-

ingly handsome. In front of this church are two well executed bronze equestrian statues;* and, as far as building goes, this is the most imposing part of Naples.

The evening was so lovely, and the scene so exquisite, that I wished for nothing more than to go up and down the drive I have just mentioned, where all the *beau monde* of Naples were assembled. We passed the king and queen several times. His Majesty† is rather a fine-looking man, something like the pictures of our George IV. when young, but, like the rest of his family, inclined to corpulency. The queen, who is daughter of the Arch-duke Charles of Austria, is a good-natured-looking person, but with nothing dignified about her. The royal family appear very fond of driving, for some of them are to be seen out at all hours of the day.

I took a short walk in the Villa Reale Gardens. They are very pretty, interspersed

* These statues formerly represented Napoleon and Murat, but the late king decapitated them, and substituted the heads of himself and his father.

† Ferdinand II.

with statues and pavilions, and shady colonnades, formed of the evergreen oak.

September 11*th.*—Frequent showers prevented me from going out again until we started for the Mole, to embark on board the steamer. We found her crowded with passengers, and, as the weather was squally, I augured nothing very agreeable from my berth below, in the midst of so thick a population. But, after some persuasion, the captain, who evidently thought that we had been unfairly dealt with in regard to our cabin, very good-naturedly offered G. and me the use of one next to the ladies' cabin; and, this point settled, I felt more at my ease. We were glad to find our quarantine friend, the Doctor Ferrari, was on board. He told me that upon his arrival at Naples, not being pleased with the progress his son had made in his studies, he was going to take all his children to be educated elsewhere. The boy was not nearly so well-looking as his sisters. The doctor introduced me to his brother and sister-in-law, residing at Naples, together with their son,

a fine tall young man, who, they assured me, had learnt English and spoke it, expressing a wish that I would converse with him in that language, but just as he had satisfied us that he knew very little, and his fond parents that he knew a great deal, the conversation was interrupted (much to the distress of the father and mother, who were listening in rapture to their son's cleverness) by the bell warning all visitors to leave the ship.

I remained upon deck for some little time, but the weather was squally, therefore we did not obtain a good view of Ischia and the other islands skirting that side of the Bay of Naples. I went below at five o'clock, when dinner was laid upon deck, but, owing to the motion, few people availed themselves of it. G., however, was one of these, and just as the most savoury dish was being handed round, a very heavy sea struck the ship, and away went every thing upon table. A chicken bounded off G.'s plate into a lady's new bonnet, the deck was under two feet of water, and the vessel

rolling heavily, carried ladies, gentlemen, spoons, plates, and dinner, into the lee-scuppers. G. described the scene as being most ludicrous.

As the night advanced, the sea became rougher and rougher, and I congratulated myself upon the comfort and privacy of my cabin, for, judging from the variety of cries and other sounds around me, there must have been no peace any where else.

September 12th. — It was dreadfully stormy all night, and the scene that greeted me this morning upon leaving my berth was any thing but exhilarating. We hurried upon deck, however, where we escaped all the suffering community down stairs, and enjoyed the fresh breeze and magnificent sea, which was roaring and foaming in stormy grandeur. We were about twenty miles from Civita Vecchia, and the coast we were passing appeared low and sandy, continuing the same until we cast anchor, about eleven o'clock, in the small harbour of that port. It is protected by the light-house and some fortifications, erected upon a breakwater in

front; two projections run out on each side from the town, thus enclosing the whole with the exception of two narrow entrances from the sea. The fortifications have a handsome effect, being all built of the small, neatly pointed Roman brick.

It was twelve o'clock before breakfast was laid upon deck, and then it was only by degrees that the discomfited passengers dropped in, one by one, to console themselves for the miseries of the night. As soon as we had finished our repast, we stepped into a boat and went on shore. We passed through the main gate, guarded by a few wretched-looking soldiers, into the town; it looked half deserted, and contained few good buildings, the largest and most conspicuous of which was an hotel; but it did not, however, appear very flourishing in its interior arrangements.

We took a long stroll through the streets, and the principal square, where the houses of the foreign consuls are situated, to the ramparts on the inland side of the town. The fortifications here were very much di-

lapidated; the view was extensive, over the low and slightly undulating plains of the Roman Campagna. The land was little cultivated, but the spots that were so appeared very flourishing. As we returned, we passed near the barracks and the Pope's palace. His holiness and his predecessors have posted up their coat of arms in every possible part of the town, with their names affixed at full length.

I went to the hotel to rest, while G. and our fellow-passenger took a walk into the country. He came back quite delighted at the sporting nature of the ground. The covers consisted of myrtle bushes kept closely cropped by the cattle. He was surprised to find the place infested with thousands of locusts; every step he took ten or twelve of them flew up; some were of a smaller kind than those we have generally seen, and had scarlet, blue, orange, and yellow wings, tipped with black. Upon lifting up a large stone, a centipede, three inches long, crawled out. A species of lily was growing in great abundance every where.

At about four o'clock we were again under way, and the weather continued nearly as rough as before. Two or three men-of-war brigs were lying in the harbour; they, I am told, constitute the Pope's fleet.

September 13th.—It was so very dark that we laid to for three hours during the night, for fear of running foul of another steamer that was expected to be on her way from Marseilles; such an accident having happened before in the passage between Elba and the main land.

At six o'clock in the morning we were in sight of this island; which must ever derive a deep and never-failing interest from its association with one of the most wonderful men who has appeared in our age, or perhaps in any other. I spent nearly the whole morning in the saloon, listening to Donizetti, who was one of our fellow-passengers, and was warbling out to the piano several of the most exquisite airs from his own favourite operas. He is rather an interesting-looking man, with a high forehead, full eye, and a pink hectic colour. He very

kindly gave me his autograph for my collection, with a few notes of music attached.

At ten o'clock we anchored in the harbour of Leghorn, but it was half-past twelve before we left the ship. We had some distance to row to the quay. Although Leghorn is a free port, they detained us a long time at the custom-house, and were very troublesome. As the captain considered the weather too rough for us to continue our voyage towards Genoa to-day, it was decided we were to spend the night on shore; and Leghorn, in comparison to Pisa, offering little to see, we determined upon spending our time at the latter place, about twelve or thirteen miles distant. We, therefore, only waited to take our dinner at a restaurant, and then got into a nice little close carriage we had hired for the purpose, and proceeded towards Pisa, our party consisting of Mr. W., G., and myself. Upon leaving Leghorn we were again stopped at a custom-house, and our few things turned out and examined in the most unceremonious manner.

The country we now traversed is one of the richest that can be imagined, and is acknowledged as the garden of Italy; the most luxuriant crops were every where to be seen, and the myrtle hedges, vineyards, and olive groves, were in full bloom and bearing. From the unusual quantity of rain which had lately fallen, a great part of the low land in the vicinity of Leghorn was under water, and the road to Florence, through Lucca, was quite inundated.

At one time our way wound through some woods of fir-trees, interspersed with tracts of fern, comprising part of the Forest of Arno; great quantities of game abound here, particularly partridges and hares. A license to shoot costs twelve *pauls* — five shillings. Beautiful wild flowers were growing in profusion by the road-side, and tufts of brilliant red pinks. After leaving the forest, the country became more fertile and cultivated than ever; the vineyards were very luxuriant, the road-side being literally hedged in by festoons of vines crossing from tree to tree, and weighing them down

with thousands of black and green clusters of grapes, just ready for the vintage. We passed several large farms, one very extensive, belonging to the steward of the Bishop of Pisa. Every thing looked smiling and prosperous; profusion of olive groves covered the face of the country, and crops of grain, Indian corn amongst the number, were still standing.

The Tuscan peasantry do not, generally speaking, partake of the Italian physiognomy; they are usually fair and ruddy, with athletic frames, reminding me of the labourers in our own country more than any other. The cattle appear very fine; they are mostly pearl-white, and of a large size; we passed several droves of them.

CHAPTER IX.

Pisa—Distant View—Custom-house—Lung' Arno—Fine Palaces—Church of the Spina—Hôtel de l'Ussere—Triste Aspect—Principal Edifices—Cathedral—Bronze Doors—High Altar—Glass Mosaic—Marble Pulpit—Mosaic in Wood—Leaning Tower—View from thence—Galileo—Baptistery—Font—Echo—Campo Santo—Soil from Potters' Field—Fresco Paintings—The Last Judgment—Drive back to Leghorn—Grand Square—High Street—Shops—Straw Hats—Picture Shop—Jews' Synagogue—Priests' Dress—Ceiling—Ladies' Gallery—An Awkward Predicament—Statue of Ferdinand I.—Galley Slaves.

CHAPTER IX.

At length we came in sight of Pisa, lying at the foot of the chain of Appenines, with its leaning tower rising high above the surrounding buildings. Half an hour more brought us to the gates, approached by a bridge thrown across the canal that connects Pisa with Leghorn, and joins the river Arno at this point.

We were again stopped at the Custom-house, where numbers of vehicles were waiting to undergo the same ordeal.

The quay of Lung Arno is one of the most beautiful in Europe. The river curves gracefully through the town, dividing it nearly in half, while three handsome bridges reconnect it. The palaces on the opposite side, called the "Parte di mezzo-giorno," are most of them very splendid, and in

many instances faced with marble. The *coup-d'œil* of the whole, with the graceful river rolling on its course, is exceedingly imposing. It is often compared to Florence, and called Florence in miniature; but, at all events, Pisa must have the advantage, in the depth and voluminousness of the river, being here so much nearer to its mouth.

We passed several churches with richly ornamented exteriors; the little church of the Spina particularly arrested my attention. It was the most Liliputian fairy-like building I ever saw, looking as if fit for a glass case, the carving and fret-work of pure white marble were so exquisite.

We drove to the Hôtel del'Ussero, the best in Pisa, although surrounded by narrow, dirty streets. Our apartments were most comfortable, and so inviting that I determined to defer exploring the town until to-morrow. The gentlemen, however, went out but were obliged to return on account of the rain which set in early in the evening.

September 14th. — It was still raining

this morning, but it cleared up about nine o'clock, and the sun shone forth in all its splendour. Soon after breakfast we started in an open carriage to view the "lions," nearly all lying on the opposite side of the river. The view from the bridge up and down the Arno was lovely. We traversed the town for about half a mile; most of the streets and buildings appeared very ancient, and there was an air of desolation pervading the whole, which must make it a *triste* abode, particularly for an invalid; there is nothing cheering in the aspect of its time-worn palaces and grass-grown streets—nothing to enliven a mind worn by disease; but, for the tourist who is travelling for information and amusement, it affords abundance of pleasure and interest.

In the principal square are several very interesting old palaces; one, in particular, painted in fresco, and another adorned with gilded figures and the arms of the house of the Medici over the entrance.

At length we reached the large open space, containing the four principal edifices in the

town, viz. the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower or Campanile, and the Campo Santo. They all stand apart, thus each is placed in the most favourable position for observation, an unusual circumstance with the monuments of the middle ages. The effect altogether is splendid in the extreme. The magnificent rotunda of the Baptistery, the stately church, and, above all, the graceful column of the Leaning Tower, equally striking for its light and elegant structure as for its singular position, all of white marble, cannot be surpassed.

But I must proceed to give a detailed account of our morning's excursion, and I have seldom spent one more satisfactorily. We first explored the cathedral. The front is adorned with splendid columns, and is entered by four bronze doors, designed by Giovanni di Bologna; two of these, representing the life and death of our Saviour, and the other the life of the Madonna, are particularly beautiful, and of exquisite workmanship. But the *coup-d'œil*, upon first entering the interior of the temple, is more

magnificent than I can describe. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and is supported by majestic columns, many of them of oriental granite, and taken from ancient temples. The effect of the cloisters round the top of the centre aisle, and their richly painted ceilings, is extremely fine. There are twelve altars, two of them are very handsome, and ornamented with silver; that in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament is extremely massive and beautiful. The high altar is superbly inlaid with lapis lazuli, verde antique, and brocatello di Spagna. Upon the ceiling above is a very singular glass mosaic, representing our Saviour, the Madonna, and St. John. The seats for the canons are of a curious mosaic of wood; this art was introduced into Tuscany in the time of Brunellesco.

Behind the high altar are several good paintings. We were particularly struck with one by Sodoma, representing Abraham stayed by the angel when in the act of offering up his son Isaac. The figure and countenance of the patriarch are inimitable.

This beautiful work was carried captive to Paris in 1811, but was subsequently restored. There are also four fine pictures of St. Peter, St. John, St. Margaret, and St. Catharine, by Andrea del Sarto. The painting upon the magnificent cupola represents the ascension of the four Evangelists.

In the centre aisle, the ceiling of which is splendidly gilt, there is a marble pulpit, inlaid in exquisite taste; it is supported by two columns, one of porphyry and the other of oriental brocatello, resting upon lions. A pair of marble fonts are adorned with two beautiful figures of our Saviour and St. John, by Giovanni di Bologna.

We next visited the Campanile or Leaning Tower, a most elegant structure. It is, as I said before, entirely of marble, and, from its base to its summit, is adorned with open galleries supported by columns, giving it a very light effect. Its height is about 190 feet, and it inclines about 13 feet from the perpendicular; so that, while standing beneath, it appears as if it must fall and crush one. The opinions as to whether it was originally

intended to incline, or that its present position was the result of accident, are various. It seems to me most probable that the ground sunk on one side when it was nearly completed, and that the upper part, leaning rather in the contrary direction, was built afterwards. The best way to form an idea of its leaning construction is to mount to the top, the magnificent view from which quite repays the trouble of climbing the winding staircase. The interior of the tower is hollow, and the flights of steps, broken at every gallery, shew by their slanting floors the inclined position of the building. The upper colonnade is roofed in, and here hang the gigantic bells of the church.

Once more we mounted by a narrow broken staircase until we reached the very top of the tower, commanding one of the most enchanting prospects. On one side the eye ranges over the flat intervening land to Leghorn, upon which it rests a moment, and then looks into the far Mediterranean, with Elba sleeping in its blue waters. On the other side is a far different scene, its grandeur surpassing

its beauty. Here the view is bounded by the high chain of the Apennines, rearing their lofty heads in every variety of form and hue, arresting the sight, until at length it reaches to the Baths of Pisa and Lucca, lying straggling at their feet. But perhaps what renders the Leaning Tower of Pisa more interesting than any thing else is, that from its summit, from the very spot on which we were then standing, Galileo made his observations on the solar system.

After lingering for some time, we descended, and proceeded across the grassy square to the beautiful pile of the Baptistery, situated on the other side of the cathedral. It is octagonal and built entirely of white marble. The interior is very magnificent, and has the appearance of an ancient temple. In the centre is a large font, with four small baths around for the immersion of children, the centre being intended for adults: the whole is ornamented with splendid mosaics. The pulpit, supported upon nine columns, was executed by Niccolo Pisano. The bassi-relievi are of oriental alabaster and Parian

marble. Within the walls is an extraordinary echo, which, thanks to the musical and sonorous voice of the sexton, we heard to very great advantage: the sound ringing through the building as clear and distinct as a bell.

Leaving the Baptistery, we proceeded to the Campo Santo. This was the ancient burial-ground of Pisa, and is one of its most interesting edifices. It forms an immense rectangle, and the light and elegant Gothic arches surrounding it, composed of white marble, have the most beautiful effect imaginable. It is asserted the soil in the centre was brought by the crusaders from the Potter's Field at Jerusalem. The Campo Santo is now converted into a kind of museum. Many of the ancient marble sarcophagi, placed beneath the shadow of the galleries, display exquisite bassi-relievi, and several very curious and perfect inscriptions are also preserved there. But the most interesting and curious part is the fresco paintings which adorn the walls, covering their whole extent; unfortunately many of them have

been injured by the effects of time and damp. The fact of there being scarcely two countenances alike in the immense number of figures represented is very singular. Several of these magnificent frescoes are attributed to the hand of Perugino, the master of Raphael. The compartment describing the last Judgment is an extraordinary conception; the blessed are represented on one side and the cursed on the other, and there are several very curious groups of some unfortunates, many of them with mitres upon their heads, being, despite their struggles, dragged away to the infernal regions. I should like to see the Campo Santo by moonlight, which must heighten the effect of its long colonnades, and the exquisite tracery of its arches. Scenes like these are always enhanced by the pale hue and lengthened shadows thrown by the silvery planet.

Returning to the hotel where our travelling-carriage awaited us, we started on our return to Leghorn. In leaving the town of Pisa we stopped to visit the beautiful little church of the Spina, that had attracted our attention

so much yesterday. The exterior, as I mentioned before, is of exquisite workmanship, and sculptured throughout in white marble. But the interior is poor, and offers nothing worthy of notice. We endeavoured to obtain a sight of the relic this church is said to contain, a thorn from the crown of thorns, but found it was only shewn in a religious ceremony which takes place once in four years.

We were again stopped at the troublesome Custom-house, but met with no other delay during the drive. On reaching Leghorn, we employed the remainder of our time in seeing what we could of that city. The grand square is large and rather handsome, and the high street is one of the most amusing places possible for a stroll, affording quite a contrast to the splendid but deserted thoroughfares of Pisa. Here all is movement and confusion; groups of different grades and nations are every where to be seen, denoting by their bustle and business-like mien the importance and prosperity of this free port of Tuscany. The shops are handsome and

amusing, particularly the beautiful manufactories of scagliola tables. We visited a straw-hat warehouse. G. purchased one of the finest for me at six dollars; I never saw any equal to them amongst those sent to the English markets, although there they always fetch so high a price. The magazines of alabaster are very pretty, and filled with delicate models of the public buildings in Pisa.

We next entered some picture-shops to make a few purchases, and, while we were sitting there looking over the portfolios, we came to a view of the Jews' synagogue, said to be the finest in the world. The people in the shop asked if we had seen it, and told us a great festival was held there to-day. Upon this, we immediately started for the place, passing in our way through the narrow, gloomy-looking streets of the Jews' quarters, in which it is situated. But when we arrived at the door an unforeseen difficulty awaited me; I had never been in a synagogue before, and did not know that there were different entrances for the ladies and gentlemen. We saw before us two

flights of steps exactly similar, each guarded by a sentry; but the gentlemen were not allowed to mount the one, nor I the other. I was afraid of being separated, and did not at all like the idea of going alone. At length, however, after a good deal of demur, it was consented that I should accompany the gentlemen; so in I went, and soon found myself in the midst of an immense building entirely filled with men, who were seated upon forms placed as closely as possible together, without any reference to uniformity, two or three rows being placed one way, and then several others the contrary. Each person, almost without exception, wore a silk or satin scarf. The seat of every individual was furnished with a small drawer to hold his books. Towards the upper end of the building was a kind of rostrum, where five or six priests were standing, chanting out, in fine sonorous voices, parts taken from the great book of the Law that was open before them. I cannot exactly describe their dress, but it was very singular; they wore a kind of white

cashmere cloak, and high black hats, the backs of them partially covered by the hoods of the cloaks.

The most striking part of the building was the ceiling. In the centre of it was inlaid a large irregular slab of the brightest azure colour, upon which a Hebrew inscription was engraven in characters of gold. Surrounding the synagogue on three sides, were two rows of galleries faced with close wooden lattice-work, completely concealing the women who were ranged behind. We remained some time listening to the chanting, and gazing at the strange scene and the dark faces around us, belonging to the most distinct and most ancient people in the world, the chosen nation of God.

When we came again into the street, I thought it a pity I should not see the ladies, so, leaving G. and our friends waiting at the entrance, I mounted the staircase until I came to a door; I opened it, and immediately found myself in one of the galleries, and in the midst of an assembly of gaily dressed persons, looking more as if they had

come to a ball than to a religious meeting. Tables were placed in different directions, and seated around them were groups of laughing, merry-looking, black-eyed girls, tittering and chatting together, without in the least heeding the distant chanting below; they formed quite a contrast to the staid and devotional appearance of the men. The ladies mostly wore low gowns and short sleeves, with flowers in their hair; but several were decorated with high, gilt head-dresses, of about a foot and a half long. I have since seen some prints of Syrian women with similar helmets, for they are more like helmets than any thing else, excepting in being composed of open filagree work.

As I hurried round the gallery alone, I became the object of universal attention and curiosity, and many were the remarks and laughs I suggested. I really felt quite uncomfortable, and quickened my steps, thinking I should soon complete the tour; but I had forgotten there were only three sides to the corridor, so that, when I came to the end, I had to turn back, very much to

the amusement of the ladies, and to my own chagrin. At length, I came to a door, as I imagined, the one I had entered at; I went out, and ran down stairs as fast as I could: but what was my dismay, when, upon reaching the street, I found G. was not there, although the sentries were standing at the two entrances just the same as when I ascended, and all appeared *in statu quo*, excepting that I was alone. I was so frightened I did not know what to do, for I was afraid of going up stairs again; and to retrace my steps through the narrow, dirty streets of the Jews' quarters appeared impossible. At length I resolved to go down a little lane that seemed to encircle the building, and a few seconds brought me to the other side, which was precisely similar, and where, to my delight, I found G. and his friend waiting at the foot of the staircase, from whence they had never stirred. I had taken the wrong turning, and had come down at the opposite entrance to the synagogue.

As soon as we returned, it was time to

embark. In our way to the boat we passed the dockyard, and saw the splendid colossal statue of Ferdinando I.; four slaves executed in bronze are chained to its base. At work near the harbour, and, indeed, in almost every part of Leghorn, are to be seen hundreds of galley-slaves chained together, some dressed in yellow and others in red; the former are condemned for minor offences, and are prisoners for a term of years, the latter are criminals, committed for murder and other great crimes, the nature of which is written in large letters upon their backs; these are condemned to labour for life, there being no capital punishment in Tuscany.

CHAPTER X.

At Sea—Change of Cabin—Genoa Harbour—Police Regulations—Streets—Palaces—Palazzo Brignole—Terraces—Troops—Palazzo Serra—Salle d'Or—Church of the Jesuits—Illusion—Palazzo Ducale—Band—Cathedral—Church of St. Francesco—Palazzo Durazzo—Royal Palace—Drive—City—Promenades—View—Lunatic Asylum—Costume—Velvet Manufactory—Genoese Soup—Dr. Ferrara—Leave Genoa—Nice—Toulon—French Coast—Breakfast—Harbour of Marseilles—Conclusion.

CHAPTER X.

We set sail for Genoa; but my equanimity was very much disturbed, as well as G.'s for me, by my cabin being again taken possession of by some one else. After a great deal of difficulty, however, the captain gave me a single one upon deck, and G. slept below.

September 15th. — By day-break this morning we were at anchor in the magnificent harbour of Genoa la Superba. But, instead of being allowed to enjoy the lovely panorama that awaited us upon deck, we were hurried there before we were dressed, to be counted over, one by one, like a flock of sheep, for the satisfaction of the police and the board of health. Unfortunately, there was, through some neglect of the captain, a

supernumerary sailor, and we were detained at least three hours, before his presence could be accounted for, and we allowed to land. But Genoa is a proverbial point of delay for the passengers of steam-packets.

This lovely bay, bordered with its amphitheatre of palaces, is certainly enchanting. The light-house stands picturesquely upon a rocky promontory, sweeping far into the sea upon the right side of the gulf, while the opposite or eastern shore is strongly fortified with walls and bastions. In this direction stretches the major portion of the majestic city, crowned by the Apennines. The most prominent feature at the bottom of the bay is the palace of the Doria family, with its terraced gardens, running down to the very water's edge, and then rising behind the mansion up the face of the mountain. In this spot is erected a colossal statue of the great Andrea Doria in the character of Neptune ; it is conspicuous from every part of the harbour, and commands an uninterrupted view of this once proud mistress of the sea, the rival of

Venice, and the emporium of commerce; but which now, like the cold inanimate statue of her great patriot, remains but as a memento of former power and greatness. The broad and polished mirror of her waters no longer displays the unconquered fleet of the proud republic, no gilded barges or waving banners throw their shadows across it, and their place is poorly occupied by a forest of fishing-boats and a few merchant-vessels from other shores, with here and there a solitary man-of-war.

At length we received permission to leave the ship; but even then, far from being allowed to go our own ways, we were conducted in boats to a dirty, miserable-looking police-office, and, ascending a steep narrow staircase, were all thrust into a little room, that might have vied, I should think, with the Blackhole at Calcutta. Here we were obliged to remain until it pleased the authorities to examine our passports; this was at length done in an adjoining room, each person presenting themselves separately.

As soon as we were released, we crossed

over into the town, to see all that we could in the short time left us. We commenced our peregrinations on foot, for we could not procure a carriage at the wharf. In our way to the Strada Nuova, where we were told we should find one, we visited the Church of St. Ciro, magnificently adorned with marbles and frescoes. It is one of the most ancient churches in Genoa, and was formerly the cathedral, which it surpasses in beauty, although not in size. I never saw any edifice more richly ornamented, and in the subdued light which pervaded it, it appeared as if composed of gems.

With the exception of the three principal ones, the streets of Genoa are proverbial for their narrowness and the height of the buildings that line them. Being just come from Cairo, this peculiarity did not strike us so much as it would, had we not seen the bird-cage attics of the Egyptian capital. All the buildings, with few exceptions, are of the most massive description, and cased with marble. Even the posts to admit the ingress and egress of passengers from the

lane by which we entered the principal street were composed of verd-antique.

Having engaged a carriage, we proceeded down the Strada Nuova to the Palazzo Brignole. This, as well as the Strada Balbi, is completely lined with sumptuous marble palaces, the exterior of many of them are painted in fresco, and several of the cornices of the buildings elaborately carved; indeed, every step one takes reminds one of the former riches and magnificence of this beautiful city. The Brignole collection of paintings, as well as all those we subsequently visited, were at the top of the several palazzos, and could only be reached by toiling up flight after flight of steep stairs. The apartments were floored with inlaid marbles of different colours, and the ceilings richly painted and gilded. I particularly admired an exquisite group of Rubens and his family, by himself, and several superb Vandycks.

In our way to the Palazzo Serra we were stopped by a large body of passing troops, the first specimen we had seen of the Sardinian army; they were fine-looking men and

well appointed. The only thing worth seeing in this palace is the celebrated "Salle d'Or;" which is perfectly dazzling, being one mass of superb gilding upon marble. The apartment is a large square, very lofty, and surrounded by pilasters. The money expended in the construction of this saloon alone is said to have been enormous. It is ornamented with four much-admired gold time-pieces. In an adjoining room, we were shewn an ill-executed portrait of the present Marchioness.

We next visited the Church of the Jesuits. The interior is gorgeous in the extreme, but the exterior extremely plain. There is a curious representation in one of the side aisles, of a saint preaching from a pulpit, with a Jesuit peeping from behind him; the whole looks like life itself. The illusion is produced by the painting being in relief.

We paused in the Court of the Palazzo Ducale, to listen to the splendid military band performing at the moment we arrived. This was, in the proud days of the Republic, the residence of the Doges; but fire and revolu-

tion have conspired to sweep away almost every memorial of them. In the large council room, noble in point of size, and still supported by costly columns of Brocatello, are a motley assemblage of statues, with plaster heads and stuffed linen draperies, placed there in lieu of those destroyed in the revolution; they were originally statues of persons who had performed any eminent public service. The two celebrated paintings by Solimene were also destroyed; but there are copies of them in the little council chamber. One represents the landing of Columbus in America—Genoa being the native city of the discoverer of the new world.

Only one tower of the cathedral is finished. The façade is in mosaic, of black and white marble, which has a gloomy effect, giving one the idea of the church being in half-mourning. The interior is very finely proportioned; but, unlike most of the other religious edifices in Genoa, the roof is simply white-washed, excepting in the choir and two of the principal chapels, and these are very finely painted. The stalls are of mosaic in wood, like those we admired so much in

the cathedral at Pisa. We remarked eight pillars of alabaster. This temple is dedicated to St. Lorenzo.

The next and last church we had time to view was that attached to the Convent of St. Francesco. It was under repair, but vied with all the others in richness. The gilding in the choir had just been renewed, and was perfectly dazzling; there was a row of gilt columns painted in basso-relievo, round the top, that stood out with such an appearance of solidity we could scarcely believe they were not so, until a priest came out of a small door in the gallery and stood beside them. When the painting and gilding in the aisles are renewed, the effect will be gorgeous. There was a fine-toned organ playing while we were there.

The Palazzo Durazzo contains one of the finest collections of pictures in the city; there are several splendid Guidos and Titians. The grand drawing-room, a superb apartment, is devoted to paintings representing the history of Achilles, executed in oil by different artists; and the ceiling, taken from the same subject, is painted in fresco by

Boni. In the room beyond this were three pictures by Vandyck, that pleased me more than any: one, a boy in the costume of Tobias; another, a boy decked in white; and the third, a group of children with a dog. This is a very splendid palace.

The Royal Palazzo was the last we explored. The entrance to it is very pretty, through an archway, affording a lovely vista of the pleasure-grounds, and the whole bounded by the bay. There is nothing particularly striking in the numerous apartments of the palace; they are all handsomely furnished, but none of them by any means spacious for a royal residence. The gallery is a handsome room, lined with mirrors. The only picture that particularly struck me was a small but magnificent painting of the Crucifixion, by Vandyck; it was in a room adjoining the king's bed-room. In his study was a fine Rubens.

The private apartment of his Sardinian majesty is furnished with a small pavilion, which, like that formerly in the Coliseum in London, ascends and descends, by means of

machinery, from the top to the bottom of the palace. We walked upon the beautiful terrace, from whence the view is superb.

We were glad to find ourselves again in the carriage, and determined to devote the remainder of our time to driving through the town and round the ramparts. The small piazza, containing the post-office, university, and the theatre, is very handsome. The promenades and public gardens above the city appear delightful, and are laid out in covered walks and drives of great extent. The view from hence is magnificent, extending over the outer bay and the surrounding country, dotted with villages and villas; amongst the latter is the one inhabited by Lord Byron before he sailed for Greece.

Although but slightly wooded, the hills in the immediate neighbourhood are picturesque, and the blue Apennines are seen in the distance. Not far from the walls, a large building was pointed out to us as the lunatic asylum.

The costume of the Genoese women is particularly elegant, consisting of a voluminous

mantle of clear white muslin, often trimmed with lace, covering the head and a great portion of the figure.

I was anxious, before leaving Genoa, to visit its far-famed velvet manufactories; accordingly we drove to one of the principal. Unlike the dark, gloomy-looking buildings situated in some close and narrow street, proclaiming the manufacturing districts of the generality of cities, this was a fine airy structure, built upon the ramparts of the town, commanding a view of the sea and surrounding country; and the effect of the free circulation of pure air was plainly visible in the ruddy cheeks and cheerful, happy appearance of the work-people, who were assembled at their looms in a large, lofty apartment, with open windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor. It was very interesting to watch the process of making the velvet. We selected the loom of a pretty young Genoese girl, who was engaged upon a length of the richest quality, of deep crimson. She slackened her work that we might observe the method of throwing in the shuttle, and afterwards of cutting the

nap, composed of the finest silk, and a much more brilliant colour than that which constituted the foundation. After having seen it made, and the time and care required, I no longer wonder at the enormous price demanded for Genoa velvet.

Having learned all we could from our pretty instructress, whose tongue was at least as busy as her fingers, we turned to several other looms, each equally attractive. Brocaded satin for furniture, and silk handkerchiefs, were manufacturing in the same room. In an adjoining apartment were several women and children busily employed in winding the silk.

On our return to the quay, we stopped at a restaurant, and were regaled with some of the delicious dish called Genoese soup, a very different thing from any we had tasted before, and highly to be recommended.

Upon reaching the ship, the first person we met was our Egyptian friend, the Doctor F. He appeared in great trepidation, and told me he was very anxious to be safe off, as he had been very nearly taken into custody.

I now learned, for the first time, that he was a native of Piedmont, and had, about twenty years ago, been one of the chief conspirators in a revolutionary *émeute* which had miscarried. He succeeded in escaping to Egypt, where, as we have seen, he settled, and had never since attempted to set foot in his native country. But to-day, the sight of its beautiful shores gave him an irresistible desire to land with his children; accordingly, thinking his name would not be remembered, he accompanied the other passengers to the police-office; but while waiting with the rest for his passport to be returned, he saw it was laid separate from the others, and perceived the police-officers looked anxiously at him. The stake was too great to be trifled with, as all his confederates were immured in dungeons for life, having been so during the last twenty years; and, were he to be discovered, he felt his fate would be the same. Seizing his children, therefore, by the hand, he rushed from the office, and did not breathe freely until he found himself safe on board the Neapolitan steamer, and sailing out of the harbour.

The evening was lovely; we were under way again about five o'clock, and the view of the bay and city, as we receded from them, was beautiful in the extreme. We sat upon deck watching the bold outline of the Corniche, with now and then a peep at the distant Alps, covered with snow, until it was too dark to distinguish any thing.

September 16th.—We had passed Nice before I left my cabin, whence G. came to summon me to look at the number of ships of different descriptions, and from various countries, that were sailing into the harbour of Toulon.

The aspect of the shore was completely changed since yesterday; instead of the sunny, smiling hills of Italy, nothing met the view but abrupt, iron-bound rocks, affording nutriment to only a few stunted fir-trees.

Breakfast was spread upon deck, and before it was finished we were steering between the rocky islands in the vicinity of Marseilles; they might really have vied in arid bleakness with those in the Red Sea. Suddenly the ship turned to the right, and we

were steaming rapidly through a wide bay, skirted on the further side by the level, open country so peculiar to France. Again we made a sharp turn, and found ourselves in the narrow entrance of the harbour of Marseilles, that runs up like a broad river almost into the heart of the town, and there remains stagnant. Crowds of shipping were to be seen on all sides, and steamers in profusion; men-of-war and merchant-men were collected in scores, all proclaiming one of the greatest maritime ports in the Mediterranean. But the dirt of the muddy waters, and the effluvia they emitted as we cut through them, were perfectly disgusting, and must render the place exceedingly unhealthy.

As is usually the case, we were detained a considerable time by the tiresome police regulations.

Not finding my father here, as we expected, we engaged a small apartment at the Hôtel de Nouailles, resolving to await answers to our letters from England. And here I shall conclude my journal of our overland passage, in which I have endea-

voured to record the many and varied scenes that flitted before our eyes. Their recollection, and the feelings with which we viewed them, can never be effaced from my mind; and although much of sorrow was mixed up with their occurrence, I trust that none but pleasurable impressions will remain.

THE END.

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